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War Without a Policy

IN its issue of August 21, *Time* Magazine published a report from the Korean battle-front by Mr. John Osborne, chief *Time and Life* correspondent in the Pacific, who began his despatch by saying: "This is a story that no American should ever have to write. It is the ugly story of an ugly war." Waging war against Communism "by military means alone," wrote Mr. Osborne, was forcing upon the American army, operating in a foreign and largely hostile country, "acts and attitudes of the utmost savagery . . . not the usual, inevitable savagery of combat in the field, but savagery in detail—the blotting out of villages where the enemy *may* be hiding; the shooting and shelling of refugees who *may* include North Koreans." Mr. Osborne continued:

> And there is savagery by proxy . . . . The South Korean police and the South Korean marines whom I observed in front line areas are brutal. They murder to save themselves the trouble of escorting prisoners to the rear; they murder civilians simply to get them out of the way, or to avoid the trouble of searching and cross-examining them. And they extort information—information our forces need and require of the South Korean interrogators—by means so brutal that they cannot be described.

It is unrealistic to suppose that the Americans can conduct their campaign in Korea with kid gloves any more than any regular army can fight gently against guerillas in their own territory. Mr. Osborne rightly observes: not merely is there savagery on both sides, but "our men in Korea are waging this war as they are forced to wage it, and as they will be forced to wage any war against the Communists anywhere in Asia, until our political and military leaders acquire and apply an understanding of war in Asia that they have not yet displayed in Korea." The first step towards that understanding is to recognise that war against insurgent Communist-led peoples may destroy much of Asia but only increase Communism; the second that the aim of the United Nations, whose resolution sanctioned military action taken by the United States for the specific and proper purpose of curbing an act of aggression, is to restore peace and not to spread the war.

This simple fact seems to be in danger of being forgotten in the United States. In a recent speech Mr. Harold Stassen, whose "accuracy of analysis and breadth of outlook" are commended by the New York *Herald Tribune*, argues that American military power may be exhausted if, in addition to winning a military decision in Korea, the United States becomes involved in operations in Formosa, Indo-China or any other Far Eastern terrain in which Communist "aggression" occurs. He proposes, therefore, that in the event of Communist attack in any such area, the United States should make it clear that war "will come to Moscow." A resolution to this effect, says Mr. Stassen, should be passed by Congress and thereafter submitted to the General Assembly of the United Nations for approval as an ultimatum to the Soviet Union.

Commenting on this suggestion, Mr. Walter Lippmann has no difficulty in demonstrating that Mr. Stassen is simply inviting a world war without understanding either the balance of military power or the true nature of the revolutionary movement which has taken shape in Asia. The disquieting fact remains that, to judge by the American press, a considerable and growing body of opinion in the United States has come to accept the view that war against the Soviet Union has in fact begun; that in this conflict legal arguments about the status of Formosa are as irrelevant as the moral factors involved in the obliteration of North Korean cities; and that the *raison d'être* of the United Nations is now to endorse what would be, in effect, not resistance to Communism but a war of wholesale destruction against the nations and races of Eurasia.

Against this deplorable background there is one gleam of light. Though unable to accept the invitation to visit Peking extended to him by Madame Sun Yat Sen, Pandit Nehru can be relied on to hold firmly, and to impress on the conscience of the world the conviction that the war in Korea will settle nothing, and will degenerate into an increasingly bestial and savage butchery on both sides unless it is made clear that its conclusion is to be followed by a political settlement acceptable in Asia. This is the lead which Britain should be reinforcing with every ounce of energy at her disposal.

Money and Men

In Washington on Tuesday a statement was released which General Lemnitzer, Director of the Military Assistance Programme, had made to a House Committee, that American supplies of arms to Western Europe would be proportionate to the increase in the numbers of men under arms in the recipient countries. If this is to be taken as a definite decision by the Administration, it presents an awkward problem to the North Atlantic Council, whose deputies, under the chairmanship of the American delegate, Mr. Charles Spofford, have been meeting

in London this week. France, it is true, proposes to add fifteen fresh divisions to her military establishment; but there is no talk in Paris of an extension of the period of service, and the divisions seem unlikely to be more than cadres. As for Britain, though the lengthening of National Service to two years would provide something like 60,000 more men under arms, the drain on material resources envisaged in the rearmament programme is out of all proportion to such a modest increase in uniformed personnel. It is generally understood that, for this reason, Washington was asked to provide something like £550 millions towards the additional £1,000 millions to be spent over the next three years; but there is no indication yet that the American response has been favourable. Since the surest way of being defeated by "Communist aggression" would be to wreck Western European recovery by attempting the impossible in rearmament, it is to be hoped that the British and French deputies will tell Mr. Spofford plainly that the rearmament programmes of their countries are absolutely dependent on American monetary assistance. No bones, no soup.

German Rearmament

A question which the deputies will doubtless discuss, but will presumably have to refer for a higher-level decision by the Foreign Ministers at their meeting in New York next month, is whether, and in what form, Western Germany should be encouraged and aided to rearm. In his talks, last week, with the High Commissioners, Dr. Adenauer is reported to have proposed, apart from the measures already taken to increase the strength of the *Land* police forces, that he should be allowed to recruit a gendarmerie equal in strength to the People's Police of Eastern Germany. That force is believed to have a total strength of at least 200,000 men, of whom 75 per cent carry only light arms, but one quarter, organised in *Bereitschaften*, are equipped with heavy weapons and, allegedly, some tanks. To match the Eastern *Volkspolizei* with an equivalent force in the West could not reasonably be regarded as a provocative action, though the proposal has already been denounced as "national treachery" by Herr Norden, the head of the East German Press Department.

Yet the rearmament of Germany, for which America is said to be pressing, must involve something much more formidable than a contingent of armed police if it is to make any significant contribution to the strategic plans of the North Atlantic Council. General Guderian, General von Manteuffel and other former leaders of the Wehrmacht have made it plain that what they have in mind as a German contribution to "security" is a fully fledged army of at least twenty-five (mainly Panzer) divisions, which would have German commanders at any rate up to Corps level. It is against this sort of conception, which would not merely set all Western Germany's Eastern neighbours by the ears, but would make the army master of the Bonn Republic, that Dr. Schumacher and Dr. Schmidt, on behalf of the German Social-Democrats, are protesting so vigorously. We find it hard to believe that their protests will not find an echo in Whitehall.

New Cabinet in Greece

The fall of the Plastiras Government, brought about by the resignation of the nine Liberal Ministers, seems to connote a swing to the Right. It will be recalled that, after the general election, an attempt was made by Mr. Venizelos to form a minority Government with the aid of the Populists. This was vetoed at the time by the United States, who threatened to cut off Marshall Aid unless a more broadly based administration were formed. The resulting Centre Coalition under General Plastiras can scarcely be said to have pursued a progressive policy, but it at least did something to improve the lot of the civil political prisoners and to temper the previous regime of terror. Its attitude was consequently unwelcome to the Right, and a movement to oust Plastiras has been taking shape for some time. American assent now to Mr. Venizelos' all-Liberal administration reflects presumably the sharpening of the cold war and American insistence on a firmer line towards the Left. It is perhaps significant that courts martial have now begun again to hand out death sentences on former members of the Resistance, twelve of whom, after years of Makronissos, were sentenced on August 10. The best that can be hoped is that General Plastiras will now take a firm stand in Opposition and endeavour to rally all the democratic and progressive forces in Greece—a task in which he should receive British support. As Mr. Ernest Davies was in Athens at the time of the Cabinet crisis, he should be able to brief Mr. Bevin adequately on the background.

Progressive Postscript

Henry Wallace has resigned from the Progressive Party, the "Gideon's Army" which, less than two years ago, he led to the polls. For a few months after it was formed, the Progressive Party seemed to be a real force in U.S. politics, but it has steadily dwindled down to a hard core of Communists and sympathisers. In spite of sporadic efforts by Mr. Wallace and others to persuade the party to criticise the U.S.S.R. as well as the United States, it was too closely identified with Soviet policy to survive the sharpening conflict between Washington and Moscow. For Henry Wallace, who has obviously felt uncomfortable for some time, Korea was the turning point. He has endorsed American intervention and rearmament, arguing that "it would mean the end of the United Nations if aggression is not checked in Korea." He is now a man without political friends; he was always a strange and unpractical politician, but both his idealism and his weaknesses were in some sense symbolic of the Roosevelt era.

Two of Mr. Wallace's principal lieutenants have joined him in the political wilderness. Senator Glen Taylor, who ran with him as vice-Presidential candidate, and then rejoined the Democratic ranks, has just failed to win the Democratic nomination again in Idaho, and will disappear from the Senate at the end of this year. Lee Pressman, who was with Wallace in the Department of Agriculture, and then the C.I.O. legal adviser—a position he lost for his support of Wallace in 1948—has also left the Progressives. This is the more surprising since Pressman was widely alleged to be an "under-cover" Communist and was named as an associate of Alger Hiss in a Washington "cell." But Pressman now denounces the Progressives "as serving the interests of the Communist Party rather than the progressive aspirations of the American people."

Consolidation

Labour and the New Society is Transport House's third attempt to find a policy which fits equally with the present mood of the British electorate and with the future prospects of British economy. In part, it repeats the lofty abstractions so familiar at garden-fêtes; the tough economic and political analysis that is the basis of Socialism is omitted. The disturbing feature of such documents which take the place of that "restatement of the Labour Party's basic Socialist faith"—for which Mr. Morgan Phillips has been calling in recent months—is that they suggest that some of our Labour leaders fear rather than welcome a crusading spirit in the ranks.

This document is less a declaration of principle than a tactical manifesto from the moderate and dominant elements in the party. They have shed the specific pledges to nationalise sugar and cement, and to mutualise insurance—which were never the electoral liability they suggested—and put in their place a more general promise to deal with monopolies and "concerns which fail the nation." Controls are to be maintained in the interests of full employment and for the protection of the consumer; water is to become a public service; and, for the rest, there is a whole string of minor measures designed to round out the achievements of the past five years.

There is, however, one exception. Iron and steel are to be nationalised. This is a categorical promise, which must produce bitter controversy. Great difficulty is likely to be found in finding qualified people to run a nationalised steel industry. It is satisfactory that the leaders of Labour, though hesitant in other matters, have decided not to allow real difficulties to prevent their giving effect to a measure that is already passed. The Act is law, and it would be a confession of timidity and weakness to withdraw a measure on which Labour insisted in previous years.

The only significant difference between this document and *Labour Believes In Britain* is to be found in the proposal for a "world plan for mutual aid," to take the place of Marshall Aid. It is proper for a Labour Government to try to take the lead in this: the only political answer to Communism is adequate development of colonial and backward areas in partnership with their peoples. But Labour must be a good deal more specific about this plan if it is to have any hope of success. At the moment, it is only one shot in a locker which seems strangely empty of economic ideas. Of course, American rearmament may take care of the dollar problem for the time being, while war would make the whole programme irrelevant. But if we can save the peace, there are many problems between us and the New Society which this document makes no real attempt to tackle.

The Assumption of the Virgin

On November 1st the Pope is to lay it down as an article of dogma that on a date (uncertain but presumably between A.D. 35 and A.D. 50) the body of a middle-aged woman, preserved from the usual process of corruption, was "taken up to Heaven and reunited with her soul." It would be disrespectful to ask for a clearer definition of an event which is clearly not to be explained by natural means. We must accept the Vatican's assurance that a "supernatural prudence often demands the unequivocal affirmation of a faith which cannot compromise with the timorous uncertainty of the world." In the same way we must avoid the rebuke that would follow if we suggested that a "body" implied a position in space and that the Heaven referred to must, therefore, be geographical. The body that was preserved from decay was, in short, not a body, but something else, called by the same name. Since the simple and ignorant may have their faith confirmed by the picture of an actual body floating in the air, the details are better left somewhat vague. We tread safer ground when we assert, with some very eminent Catholic theologians as well as with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, that this dogma has no basis in the Scriptures or in the teaching of the early Church. It is, in fact—as Catholic reference books have themselves made clear—a legend which arose in the 5th and 6th centuries, and which the Pope has now decided to elevate to the rank of dogma. Asked for the reason for this decision, the Vatican explains that many requests from all parts of Christendom had been received that this dogma should be announced, and that recently something like a public opinion poll within the ecclesiastical hierarchy had been taken, with the result that 95 per cent of the replies were favourable. This throws a flood of light on the basis of Catholic dogma, the affirmation of which until now we had not supposed to rest, like a Government decision about the derationing of petrol, on the number of postcards received.

The Pope's decision inevitably recalls the events of 1870 when, after a piece of political manoeuvring which astonished others besides Mr. Gladstone, the Pope decided that he was (in certain, always happily arguable, circumstances) infallible. Lord Acton, we recall, remarked that he did not see why he should change his religion because the Pope changed his. Many of the more thoughtful Catholics will to-day find their faith in the wisdom of the Vatican similarly undermined. Earnest and able men and women, authors, economists and other intellectuals, who have found in Rome a refuge from the intolerably bleak prospect presented by modern science, will be forced once again to examine the basis of their faith. Anglo-Catholics and Churchmen of various persuasions, who have dreamt of restoring the unity of Christendom retire abashed into their own sectarian camps. To these last the Vatican answers uncompromisingly that it was self-deception on their part ever to believe that Rome would move a yard of the way to bridge the gulf between them: "It is known that for Rome there is no other way towards this goal than the acceptance of the faithful teaching of the truth by the Catholic Church."

This, however, leaves unexplained why the Vatican should decide to wave this particularly challenging flag at the very moment when many of its adherents were hoping that Catholicism would provide the ideological basis of Western unity. The answer would seem to be that just as in 1870 the Vatican met the challenge of Darwin and Liberalism by calling upon Revelation and Authority, so to-day the Pope appeals to the miraculous to save his flock from Marxist materialism. The danger is certainly great. If the Pope to-day cares to look beyond the Vatican gardens, he will find, at his very doorstep, a contrast of poverty and riches most shocking to any uncorrupted conscience. The Papal hierarchy is, however, well accustomed to a system in which the masses hunger while the landlords and capitalists contribute to the Church funds. The new factor is that this hungry, disease-ridden population no longer easily accepts its lot on the assurance of the priests of a better life to come. It tends every day to listen with more attention to Socialist teachers who insist on the possibility of a better life in this world. The Church to-day resembles the young man who was unable to follow Christ because he had great possessions. The social content of a gospel which once inspired the servants of Christ has got lost by the wayside. Holy Year, with its succession of miraculous events, its gaudy processions, its magnificent displays, its intriguing encyclical about Adam and Eve and its crowning affirmation of new dogma about the Virgin is a way of reviving faith: it recalls the multitude to the supernatural. As a correspondent from Rome puts it: "It is stressed by Catholic observers here that every dogma proclaimed tends to increase religious feeling among the masses." If it increases religious feeling it decreases the threat of material revolution.

Spain—perhaps even better than Italy, where contacts with the outer world are inescapable—offers the social pattern which the victory of Rome must inspire. Since science breeds infidelity, and knowledge revolt against poverty, the vast mass of the population must be kept illiterate and superstitious. In such a State the Catholic hierarchy itself, in alliance with the military and political chiefs, maintains an absolute rule such as Protestant countries fought to overthrow several centuries ago. These rulers, lay and clerical alike, must themselves run the risk of knowledge and damnation. If they themselves are often cynical about the supernatural and inclined—at the peril of their souls—to enjoy the material enjoyments that come from modern science, this is the price that must be paid for saving the masses from the sins of scepticism and disobedience.

We have indeed returned to the Age of Faith. Moscow also builds myths in order to strengthen faith and re-writes history for her own purposes, knowing well that absolute authority demands credulity as well as obedience. Just as Rome rebuffs those liberal Christians who had naively hoped for unity in the belief that Rome was capable of compromise, so Moscow has disillusioned Socialists outside Russia who hoped that co-operation between Soviet and Western Socialists was possible after the experience of joint Resistance during the war. Moscow has proved as totalitarian as Rome. Soviet orthodoxy, however, has the advantage that the legends it invents are not incompatible with social progress and modern knowledge. They do not take away from common men the hope of a world in which life on earth may become sufficiently inspiring to make unnecessary a belief in supernatural glories.

Neither form of religion can ever unify the West, since the very essence of Western civilisation from the Renaissance onwards is the right of individual judgment, the use of the critical faculty. The belief that truth has not been finally revealed, but must be discovered by a process of inquiry, experiment and reason, is basic to our civilisation. We are Protestants or nothing, both in religion and politics. The truths that are embodied in Christianity will survive disbelief in their supernatural backing; the growth of Socialism is only retarded by Moscow's claim to infallibility.

Living Costs and Food Subsidies

Since late last year, when the T.U.C. announced that its attitude towards wage stability would have to be revised if the cost of living rose by more than about 5 per cent., the attention of trade union officials and (one may presume) the Government has been fixed uneasily on the movement of the Interim Index of Retail Prices, which has climbed slowly so far from 112 to just under 114. Recent movements have been odd. The strengthening of beer reduced the index for "Drink and Tobacco" by no less than 3½ points—a big effect for a concession costing only £3 millions—and thus offset (statistically) the increased prices for butter and petrol. As a result, the Index has been practically unchanged since April.

The reliance of trade unions on this Index is strange. It seems to have been forgotten that, when it was introduced "as a temporary measure pending the results of further study," the Cost-of-Living Advisory Committee, whose recommendations for the Index were followed, issued a specific warning that it should not be regarded as an index of the cost of living but simply as a transitional guide to changes in retail prices. It seems also often to be overlooked that, at best, the costs which the Index measures are those of an *average* family with average expenditure on everything; it may thus be very misleading as a guide to the living costs of anyone with abnormal budgets, such as drunkards or teetotallers, childless couples or large families. For instance, as the result of the 1949 Budget, the living costs of an unmarried beer-drinker almost certainly fell, whereas many people lost much more than the Index suggested in consequence of the cut in

food subsidies. Furthermore, the Index shows only the changes from month to month in the cost of what a working-class family bought on the average in 1937-38. They do not, and in some cases cannot, buy the same things to-day. For example, the Index measures the cost of buying weekly nearly 2 lb. of butter, 5 lb. of sugar and over a dozen eggs. Too much account is taken by the Index of the prices of these rationed foods, and too little of the prices of things such as milk, potatoes and electricity, which the working classes are now buying in greater quantities than before the war.

We do not know just what is the effect of using out-of-date lists of what the working class buys. The old Cost-of-living Index, discredited though it was, did give us some of the details of the prices on which it was based. In the new Interim Index we have retrogressed: the index number for food gives no indication of the prices which the Ministry of Labour takes to be current for different foods. This makes it, incidentally, difficult to judge how the Ministry handles such matters as changes in quality. There is a story current that, when the price of soft drinks rose, the rise was attributed to an improvement in quality and no increase in price was recorded for the purposes of the Index, but that when the price fell subsequently, quality was taken to be unchanged and the full price fall recorded in the Index. The existence of this rumour suggests that confidence in a crucial economic indicator, which raises these questions of personal judgment, would be more widespread if its compilation were entrusted to a department less concerned than is the Ministry of Labour with wage stability and industrial peace. Moreover, pre-occupation with *price* seems sometimes to have occurred at the expense of *availability* of utility ranges. The cost of living, even if not the Index, rises when people are forced to buy more expensive substitutes for utility goods.

The main effect, however, of concentration on movements of the Index is that there is a steady bias towards spending on food subsidies (rather than on housing, pensions or family allowances) the money available for social services. In fact, food subsidies are in real danger of becoming a social service to the wealthy. When subsidised foods were all rationed, subsidies amounted to a *per capita* social dividend. To-day, with some rations not being fully taken up and virtually no restrictions on "flush" sales of eggs and milk, the more food one buys, *i.e.*, the richer one is, the larger the share one gets of the total outlay on subsidies. Every gallon of milk or dozen eggs sold means that the purchaser gains about a shilling from general revenue. There is no obvious logic or social justice in requiring the taxpayer to encourage with public money the traditional bourgeois weakness for over-eating.

In its concern with wage stability, the Government has understandably resisted Opposition pressure to reduce food subsidies, with a compensating increase in social security benefits. Strangely, Tories do not see that food subsidies are an inevitable corollary to the dogma of original sin that underpins their more intelligent arguments. But, in the face of rising food supplies, it is difficult to defend an *inflexible* arrangement of subsidies. We can only afford them if subsidies really reach those in need. Subsidies and equal rations should be inseparable—except, perhaps, for the case of staple, unexciting foods such as bread and potatoes, which will never appear in large quantities on the rich man's dinner table. To-day, with the working-class housewife's spending power already stretched to the limit, an increase in subsidy to cover increased supplies is a direct grant to the wealthy; and it contrasts oddly with the Government's inability to increase war pensions or family allowances.

The issue thus raised is likely to become increasingly acute. The Government is committed by its agricultural policy to take up such eggs and milk as the farmer cares to supply. Even at present prices it has found difficulty this year in disposing of the seasonal gluts, and still larger subsidies will probably have to be applied next spring—once more with a high proportion going to the well-to-do. To say that we are already bribing the middle and upper classes to eat the results of the agricultural programme is not much of an over-simplification. But, if subsidy policy is allowed to drift aimlessly, the swing of subsidies to these home products must continue, and the next step is likely to be the absorption of part of the seasonal milk excess in subsidised cream and high-quality cheese going even more directly to the upper income groups. The danger is that, to finance this, subsidies may be drawn off the staple imported foods which figure largely in working-class diets.

If the cow is politically sacred, and agricultural policy must proceed in its present direction, then there is only one sensible solution—to increase subsidies on eggs and milk still further, to a level at which the working classes want to take up their "fair" share of any augmented supplies, and at which rationing will accordingly still be necessary. Such a move, which would greatly improve working-class living standards, would admittedly be expensive, though a slightly firmer handling of the annual review of farm prices would help, and we have still much leeway to make up before British working-class consumption of dairy products reaches that of the rest of North-west Europe. It follows, therefore, that, in the rest of our food policy, some economies would have to be sought. We cannot afford to ensure that the working class gets its "fair" share of all foods, but we can ensure that anyone who gets an *extra* share of imported food pays heavily for it.

Just how this should be done is a controversial question; for many factors—currency, tastes, administration, nutrition and politics—are involved. Only the Government is in a position to decide on detail; but the broad principle should be to treat food consumption above a certain level as a luxury, and to have a basic subsidised ration, with free sales at a higher price—in short, the "two-price" system employed in the post-war period by a number of Eastern European countries. There are doubtless some administrative difficulties which would have to be overcome. In the case of sugar the system should work smoothly. On the other hand, it might be administratively hard to apply a "two-price" system to a varied food like meat, and the solution here might be to work towards a lower subsidy and the end of rationing, while trying to increase the bacon ration, even if it is costly in subsidies. As for butter, which is heavily subsidised (but, even so, not always fully taken up) the solution might be to make this commodity freely available but dear, while rationing and subsidising heavily both margarine and lard.

One obvious advantage of such a revision of food subsidies would be that dear foods off the ration would act as an incentive to harder work. Politically, the great objection would be that such a programme would seem to imply abandonment of the policy of Fair Shares. This, however, is only a matter of appearance; for the object would be precisely to concentrate subsidies on working-class purchases and to achieve fairer shares than at present. And, if it be argued that a "two-price" system is tinged with Stalinism, surely, on its record, Mr. Attlee's Government can hardly fear to be thought Red.

DUDLEY SEERS

London Diary

A DIARIST this week ought to be writing about the multiple success of Channel swimmers, the punctuality or discomfort of holiday trains, the frugal habits of landladies, the mixed weather and a lot of other standard topics like the prospect of the harvest which now stands, as only Breugel painted it, in great golden slabs, as solid as cheese and yet as liquid and mobile and shadowed as the incoming tide on a windy day. All these would be fun to write about. Instead there is war, the fact of war, the fear of war and the continuity of war which all our lives has monopolised thought and emotion and threatened to destroy all that men have created. Lloyd George once told me of a pre-1914 war conversation among the military and civilian high-ups about whether the great masses of men would submit to the kind of life and slaughter that would be involved in another great war. They very nearly didn't. The Russian Revolution was first and foremost a revolt against war; and, as far as Europe was concerned, it was nearly completed by the great mutiny in the French Army in 1917. If it had been successful, we might have had a United Europe created from beneath without having to experience the Nazi attempt at a German Europe or having to wonder now whether what should have been a popular revolution is to be next attempted by the Red Army.

* * *

It is perhaps because Americans have as yet so little direct experience of modern war that so much nonsense is current in Washington and New York about stopping Communism by bombs. Every American bomb dropped in Asia creates Communists, while the probable result of world war is Communism. In the atmosphere of the Security Council, the debates between Mr. Malik and Sir Gladwyn Jebb and Senator Warren Austin may sound very clever, but

when "police action" involves mass bombing, Sir Gladwyn's arguments about the aggressor being a "criminal" and the rest of it are almost as infuriating to ordinary people as Mr. Malik's assertions that South Korea attacked the North and that it is possible to describe as a civil war one in which large numbers of tanks have been provided by an outside Power. The truth is that the Soviet Union is genuinely anxious to avoid war between the Great Powers; the Kremlin merely hopes to promote and encourage with arms revolutionary and isolated wars. America is equally determined to prevent these small Communist wars even at the cost of world war.

* * *

Judging from a bundle of letters in front of me, there are very few readers of this journal who are impressed by legal argumentation. These letters are too numerous and too tediously repetitious of the same arguments to warrant publication. Very few of them take the purely governmental "collective security" argument; one or two think the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION somewhat too tender to Russia; others express gratitude for a journal which obstinately refuses to be stampeded by either side; another group find us insufficiently critical of America and our own Government about Korea. The two oddest letters come from a Canadian and an American. The Canadian wants to know why we base such "unbounded confidence" in American propaganda about unprovoked aggression by North Korea! The American, who lives in this country, begins by saying that he and his friends had found us comforting and useful until recently they began to ask, "with mounting symptoms of perplexity and indignation how in hell the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION can swallow so uncritically the Truman version of MacArthur's embroglio in Korea; his legerdemain in Formosa and Indo-China . . ." Well, well! If this paper has been uncritical of Truman and MacArthur, I'm a Korean!

* * *

All we know about the two Royal Ulster Riflemen who were court martialled at Colchester last week is that one got three years' imprisonment and the other nine months. Most people understand why charges of espionage and the betrayal of official secrets are tried *in camera*, but this case sets two precedents, one puzzling and the other shocking. It is puzzling that, for the first time in court martial records, a peace-time trial should have taken place on a Sunday—Rule 64D of the *Rules of Procedure* allows this departure from the Common Law rule that Sunday is a *dies non juridicus*, but apparently it has not been done before. It is shocking that the court should have withheld all information about the nature of the charges themselves, even though it purported to do so "for security reasons." The press were allowed in at the end to hear the President say "guilty on count one, guilty on count two," etc., and then pronounce sentence.

This latter precedent will surely aggravate a public uneasiness about court martial procedure. This may often be ill-founded, but courts martial, like other courts where the "liberty of the subject" may be in issue, are subject to the famous rule that "it is of the greatest importance not only that justice should be done, but that it should be manifestly and unmistakably seen to be done." The counsel of the two soldiers rightly protest that this rule is flagrantly broken and the War Office should give way.

* * *

Sir Owen Dixon's explanation of his failure to achieve the basis of a settlement in Kashmir is a straightforward and unambiguous document. He makes it clear that he had reached an understanding with Nehru that some form of partition was necessary for any settlement; if that were accepted, a plebiscite would be unnecessary in those areas where the population was already indubitably desirous of becoming part of Pakistan or of India. In short, he proposed—as sensible people have always proposed—that Poonch and much of the mountain areas of Kashmir should be accepted as part of Pakistan, while Jammu would be acknowledged as part of India. A plebiscite could be arranged for the Vale of Kashmir. He found, however, that Pakistan continued "to stand upon the agreed United Nations resolutions specifying an overall plebiscite as the manner of settlement." It is hard to see what further steps of mediation are now possible. This does not mean a hot war between India and Pakistan. It does, I fear, mean the continuous waste of cold war.

* * *

Mr. Park does not much hold with science. Having read what the experts say you can do with hormone selective weed-killers, I told him the other day that I would get rid of all the convolvolus in my garden within two years. I have a large, pretty hedge of it and it spreads into the beds and goes down, Mr. Park tells me, ten, twenty and more feet into the ground. So when I said I'd get rid of it, he looked at me old-fashioned, as they say. "You won't get rid of it in two years," he said, "nor in twenty-two either." Faced with this challenge, I've watered the foliage with the stuff and the convolvulus looks pretty dead—above the ground—after only a few days. Whether the roots have really burst themselves, as the books say they will, we shan't know till next summer. I'm also trying a cunning dodge in the beds by tying together bunches of convolvulus stems and dropping the ends into jam jars full of a hormone solution. I'll be as pleased as a successful Channel swimmer, if Mr. Park has to admit that the scientists are right. On one matter I can certainly convince him; the plantains which have been watered with the selective killer are already turning up their toes in the grass. There is an even more remarkable technique by which you can kill everything in a wheat field except wheat. Mr. Louis Johnson may have had some such invention in mind when he remarked, I am told, the other day, that he intended with the help of atom bombs to get rid of every Communist in the world. Anti-Communist hormones have not, as far as I know, yet been discovered, and Mr. Johnson must not forget that the Russians may get in first with a weed-killer that only attacks capitalists.

CRITIC

MELO-THERAPY

Communist youth organisations in Czechoslovakia have discovered healing powers in revolutionary songs. *Lidove Noviny*, Prague, August 7.

Community song in the hospital ward
Turns social dynamic to healing;
Approved by the National Hospital Board,
Song-squads at the bedside arrive in a horde,
And their unison brings down the ceiling.
When the health-session starts, new strength it imparts
To livers and hearts and abdominal parts;
New remedial arts bring down temperature charts,
While moribund cases both Slovak and Czecho,
All sit up in bed and applaud to the echo,
And say how much better they're feeling.

Progressive improvement the patient detects
In maladies formerly chronic;
Neurasthenics report beneficial effects
From the Cominform cure polyphonic.
The constructive idea checks recurrent nausea,
Paranoia, pyorrhoea, adenoids, diarrhoea,
Where the pharmacopoeia offers no panacea,
And the rash is less scarlet, the jaundice less yellow,
And the ulcer subsides at the curative bellow,
For the Soviet Sol-fa is tonic.

The Communist choir takes no medical course,
The treatment's exclusively vocal.
They simply bear down, and repeat until hoarse
Song slogans as set for the Sokol.
State Doctors agree with the Kremlin's decree
That the treatment must be in a popular key
And impeccably free from degeneracy.
For the tune that conceals deviationist traps
Would bring on a fatal collective collapse—
So the cure, though complete, must be local.

Though the Communist Party's melodious line
Is a landmark in neo-pathology,
Mass healing to Slovaks and Czechs they confine,
Whom they dose with Marxist doxology.
These react to the test with peculiar zest,
And are sent to their rest while feeling their best,
But the news is suppressed by the decadent West,
Where, drugged and diseased, dupes must place their reliance
On corrupt and discredited medical science,
Instead of on sound ideology.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Three Sidcup boys admitted at Tower Bridge Juvenile Court, London, stealing 7s. 1d. from a car. When sharing the money, they threw 1s. 1d. away to make division easier, a detective said.—*Daily Telegraph*. (Philip Aylward.)

"General MacArthur," bright scarlet crimson; very fragrant.—Nurseryman's catalogue. (Mrs. Johnston.)

The first religious service for animals in the North is to be held in Doncaster . . . on October 8. *Evening Standard*. (O. Catenburg.)

The wrapped bread offered by greengrocers, butchers, etc., is the perfect loaf—every loaf the same, wrapped the same, every slice the same thickness, useful, uniform, in fact edible Socialism.

A community prepared to accept this tyranny of the tea-table in addition to the regimentation we already submit to is not showing signs of any vigorous protest to the "inevitability of Communism."—Letter in *North Berks Herald*. (E. S. Willey.)

Crumbs for Lazarus

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S Point Four programme of aid to the backward areas certainly did one thing—it captured the public imagination. In a way, it was a challenge to the conscience of the Western world. We have spoken enough of bringing liberty and self-government and the blessings of democracy as we know it to the peasants of Eastern Europe, Asia and Africa, but a hungry man first of all wants bread, and it seemed more than a little hypocritical to insist on free elections while keeping our bread to ourselves. If Point Four could have been made into a really big and bold programme, its effects on the shaping of world history might, in the end, have been immense.

Unfortunately, Point Four has been allowed to peter out in the sticky sands of Congressional procedure, and in the absence of a clear conception of how it should be worked. Many thought, at first, that billions of dollars would be appropriated for investment overseas in a whole series of inspiring T.V.A.'s or public works of one kind or another. But when actual sums of money came to be discussed, the Senate talked of 45 million dollars only for the first year's work; the House of Representatives spoke of 25 millions. A compromise was found at 35 millions, but the project still awaits final legislative action by both House and Senate. Furthermore, it has been written into the Bill that this money is to go for technical assistance only: American experts and technicians will be sent to the less advanced lands to advise them on development projects; and when projects have been worked out, loans to finance them will have to be raised in the normal way.

Point Four was the State Department's baby, and although officials there are disappointed that the labour of mountains has produced only this sorry little mouse, they defend with vigour the principle that money should go for technical assistance only, in the first place. They point out that there are already two big banks in existence, with ample funds, for financing overseas investment—the American Import-Export Bank, and the International Bank. What is now needed, they argue, are plans for workable projects; American experts will help to prepare these, and the separate countries can then approach the big banks for finance. Unfortunately, however, for this argument, the Import-Export Bank was designed to foster American trade, and loans are tied to dollar purchases which may not suit the borrowing country at all: for instance, the Israeli loan was tied to the purchase of capital equipment only, whereas Israel has been in desperate need of foodstuffs. The International Bank is not directly tied in the same way; but it charges a high rate of interest, and it insists on a very short period of amortisation, a rigid system of accounting for every dollar spent, and supervision down to every detail is insisted on. The mere fact that these banks have not been able to dispose of their available funds in a world panting for economic help, is surely proof that the wheels were not properly greased.

No one in Washington lays much stress on American private capital going abroad. Why should it, when profits at home are dazzling? The Point Four legislation enables the Government to give guarantees to private American investors, but that provision is more likely to remain on paper than to become a reality. In the meantime, even the problem of providing technicians is difficult enough. First-rate men are not just hanging around waiting like ripe plums to be picked; there is no crusading drive to go out into the wildernesses for a few years while losing promotion at home. High salaries must be offered, which then create discontents among men of other nationalities working on the spot; the American expert also insists on taking his wife with him, which means good accommodation and high subsistence allowances from the start. There are attempts in Washington to draw up panels of experts available for overseas work, but what is obviously needed is a complete Service of these men, integrated into some branch of the home Service, and with conditions of employment firmly laid down.

Even if all these difficulties could be ironed out, is this concentration on individual creditworthy projects really the way to help backward countries? What made T.V.A. a success in terms of raising the living standards of the people was not just the erection of dams and power-stations, but the painstaking work of the State Rural Extension Services, which educated the people how to use electricity in improving their agriculture, and the response of the people themselves to this education. The impressive thing to see at Muscle Shoals, for example, is not the majestic Wilson dam, but the wonderfully-run, all-electric farms in the neighbouring countryside. Somehow science and knowledge and the desire to use them must be brought to the people. Point Four hasn't even begun to visualise how this can be done.

In the meantime the United Nations has taken up the cue. Impressive conferences have been called to discuss technical assistance to backward countries; a Technical Assistance Board has been set up; all the specialised agencies have been called in—the I.L.O., the W.H.O., and the F.A.O., Unesco and the rest—and every sort of plan is being considered. But, here again, it is confined to technical assistance only. The sum available for the first year's working was only half a million dollars. With this, technical missions have been sent to Afghanistan, Bolivia, Brazil, Burma, Chile, Ecuador, India and about ten other countries. They have advised on public finance, swamp reclamation, soil erosion, Customs organisation, statistics, iron and steel technology and so on. Last month a much bigger sum of money was raised for next year's working—20 million dollars, of which the Americans gave 12 millions. This is all entirely distinct from the American Point Four. It is administered by the United Nations, the experts sent out are of all nationalities. Indeed, at Lake Success a certain contempt is expressed for American technical assistance as compared with Uno's. "American aid is just part of their cold war," it is sometimes said, "whereas *ours* is above national interests. Our mission to Bolivia, for example, consisted of 14 men of *eleven* different nationalities." At the Technical Assistance Conference at Lake Success last June, 54 nations were represented, and the 20 million dollars raised were contributed—after the Americans had given their 12 million, the British their two and the French their one—by small contributions from almost all the nations represented. It was an inspiring demonstration of how the international conscience may be made to work. But here, again, it was made quite clear that there was no question of financing development projects—the terms of reference began and ended at technical assistance.

The long and the short of it is that we are all groping. We all know that something must be done to even out the wealth and knowledge of the world. America and the United Nations are thinking along the lines of technical assistance—the finance to come from somewhere unspecified at a later date. Our Colonies already have many schemes worked out, and they are being financed by a variety of methods—by public grants, by a certain amount of private capital, and by big public development corporations. We also think we might have a clue in the self-propelled community development schemes, such as the famous Udi development under Mr. Chadwick's guidance. But the real key which will open the door to prosperity for the backward areas of the earth still eludes us. It means moving *people* and their desires as well as moving things. And how do technical experts and creditworthy projects stir men's hearts? RITA HINDEN

Two Voices in Germany

HERR W. was once a joiner in Breslau. He had a large workshop and his life was certainly prosperous and in retrospect must seem idyllic. When the Poles took over he stayed on, but despite his Social-Democratic allegiance they did not include him in the small number of Germans who were allowed to remain as tested anti-Fascists. So, in 1946, Herr W. was expelled from Silesia at twenty-four hours' notice and with no more belongings than he could carry.

I met Herr W. at Kreiensen, a small town in Lower Saxony, forty miles from the Soviet Zone border. Kreiensen has no industry, but its railway junction employs 800 workers. Its economy would have been unchanged by the war, and its unemployment figure well below the West German average, if 1,200 refugees had not added themselves to the 4,000 population. A rail junction cannot expand its payroll if traffic does not increase (in fact, with the reduction of inter-zonal trade, it has diminished), and jobs on the land are equally scarce. So nearly all the 1,200 must exist on a dole of twenty Marks a month, plus seasonal labour and peddling of hand-made toys. Herr W. has managed to start a new joiner's shop—nothing like Breslau, but still a shop.

It must be his clean collar and his air of weary respectability that have made him the recognised spokesman for the Kreiensen refugees.

The Town Clerk was going to take me to Herr W.'s shop, but when we descended the Rathaus steps we met him taking a stroll with a friend and his wife. Herr W. was asked into the office and complied with the submissive indifference with which he had obeyed so many official instructions in the last ten years.

It was embarrassing to interview Herr W. His pale, rather rat-like face wore an expression hard to define: a remnant of fear and hostility diluted by a conviction that nothing mattered any more; the expression of the utterly defeated. He answered questions as one fills in a form which one knows to be pointless. But, when some Germans who were there drew him into an argument, he defended himself stubbornly, like a man who has nothing to gain from servility and nothing more to lose.

He had, he said, no hope of ever getting back to Breslau, by force or by negotiation. He did not think that his 1,200 fellow-refugees would find work or full bellies in Kreiensen. Nor was there any sense in moving elsewhere in West Germany. There was no chance that a Silesian would ever be accepted as a Hanoverian or a Bavarian—nothing to expect but black looks from the people and a pittance from the authorities. So what did he look forward to, I asked? Herr W. shrugged, the nearest he ever came to a gesture. "Personally I have no hope," he replied.

Later I asked Herr W. whether he regarded the Russians and Poles as enemies. Yes, he did, he replied laconically. Did he think that a war to regain the lost lands would be justified? No, said Herr W., neither justified nor sane. War would probably not bring him home; and, if it did, he would find nothing there but rubble. It was more likely that all Germans would be reduced to his condition. Germany had seen enough fighting, and it was necessary to resign oneself to the results.

We got on to the subject of the refugees' political party recently formed in Schleswig-Holstein. Such a party would soon exist in Lower Saxony, said Herr W.; he had been sounded as to whether he would be secretary of the Kreiensen branch. But it would only gain support if it were a Left party. The Silesians were Socialist by tradition, and their reception in West Germany had shown them what to expect of a capitalist regime which accepted unemployment as normal. They were tired of war and nationalism, and a party which shouted for revenge would get a cold shoulder from any refugee Herr W. had ever met.

On this showing, the refugees are a community which, if too broken to build anything new, at least won't help to tear things down again. But I had to modify my views that evening when I met Herr S.

At Langelsheim, a town with a largish chemical works, a meeting had been called by the Communists. It was attended, however, not only by sympathisers but by all the politically active people in the place and by a good sampling of the population. The subject for discussion was "*Was ist in Korea los?*" But, once the meeting was thrown open to the floor, it was clear that nobody cared much what was up in Korea, save as a blueprint of what might soon be up in Germany, and most questions were about the Oder-Neisse line, the Eastern police, and such matters.

Herr S., a spare ramrod of a man, spoke fluently and in a loud, hectoring tone. His theme was that present events, Korean or European, proved how right Germany had been to fight civilisation's battles against the Red hordes. Those of the audience who were refugees knew best what Communism meant. There was just time to retrieve the missed chance of 1945 and to mobilise Europe, with its best fighters, the Germans, as the spearhead, to hold Bolshevism at bay and finally push it back.

Next came a bitter attack on England. The English, according to Herr S., had provoked the war in 1939 by encouraging the Poles to terrorise the German minority, and then at Yalta had sold the Eastern lands to the Reds. It was not England or decadent France who could lead Europe now, but those who had seen the danger and fought it for twenty years—people, in fact, like Herr S. He ended with an unequivocal call for war. There always had been wars, he said, and there always would be; but history had never seen a more justified war than that which would soon begin, the war to regain the lost lands in the East. He called on all his hearers, especially the refugees, to prepare morally and materially for this war.

Before the meeting closed, a Communist resolution was put. It was carried *nem. con.* by the votes of the Communist sympathisers. The audience in general refused to vote either way or even to raise their hands when abstentions were called for. "That's Germany for you," said somebody as we went out. "They calculate that, if they vote 'for,' they'll cop it if Herr S. gets into power, and if they vote 'against,' they'll cop it if the Russians come."

A refugee party is being formed in Lower Saxony more quickly than Herr W. imagines. And Herr S. is secretary for Langelsheim. I have not been in Schleswig-Holstein and I know little about its refugee party—the B.H.E., or League of Those who have been Slung Out and Spat On, to translate its emotional as well as its literal meaning. One hears it described as Nazi, nationalist, Communist, and simply opportunist. The truth is probably that anyone who wants the ear of the refugees must enter the B.H.E., which, as its success in the recent election showed, has the support of virtually all the refugees. The formation of the B.H.E., so far, only transfers the struggle for the support of the refugees to within an organisation. When somebody wins this struggle, it will be time to re-evaluate the new party.

This struggle, though everyone is free to compete, is really between people like Herr W. and people like Herr S. The latter have the obvious advantage that all the refugees resent their expulsion and would like it reversed. Herr W. has a trump which may prove stronger: all the refugees have suffered grievously by war, and some at least know who brought it about. There are few contests more crucial to European peace.

MERVYN JONES

The Answer to Malan

[The author of this article, who is General Secretary of the Garment Workers' Union of South Africa, and official delegate of South Africa to the British Commonwealth Conference of Trade Unions at Geneva, puts forward below a programme to meet the situation analysed by a correspondent in three recent issues of this journal.]

THE first essential step for the building of a democratic South Africa is to remove the present Nationalist Government from office. That should not be difficult. In the General Election of May, 1948, the Nationalist Party polled 400,453 votes and its ally, the Afrikaner Party, polled 41,885 votes, making a total of 442,338. On the other hand, the United Party polled 515,273 votes, the Labour Party 32,164 votes and the Independents, who were mainly anti-Nationalist, 76,279 votes. Many Britishers voted for the Nationalist Party, but have undoubtedly now become completely disillusioned. Thousands of workers in the industrial areas felt justifiably annoyed with the United Party and voted Nationalist, or abstained from voting. They, too, realise today that the answer to a bad United Party is not Dr. Malan.

If, however, the Nationalist Party is to be removed from office, the democratic anti-Nationalist forces must be effectively mobilised and inspired with a spirit of enthusiasm and confidence. Unfortunately, far too many democrats pin their faith in Mr. N. C. Havenga, the leader of the Afrikaner Party, who is politically unreliable and whose party by itself has no influence and can only be of any use as an ally of one of the major parties. Many, in desperation, even base their hope on a serious economic crisis overtaking the country. The United Party, the Labour Party, the trade unions and the many liberals must get together as an opposition to the present Government. It would be desirable to obtain complete unanimity on a minimum programme, but the danger which the Nationalist Government constitutes to every South African is so serious as to justify a united opposition against it, even if each constituent part of such an opposition has its own programme.

The mere defeat, however, of the Nationalist Government will not ensure a democratic South Africa. Very much more effort will be required to place the country on a permanent and stable democratic basis. General Smuts and many other leaders of the United Party have been in the habit of paying lip-service to democracy; but on fundamental issues the United Party differs little in practice from the Nationalist Party. The Nationalist Party openly advocates a policy of *Apartheid* based on "Christian Principles." The United Party opposes *Apartheid* and suggests instead "Christian Trusteeship" over the Native people. Both policies, in effect, mean an abundant supply of cheap semi-slave Native labour for the farms and mines. There can be no hope for democracy in South Africa so long as the system of indentured labour prevails and the social and economic lives of the

Native people are disrupted to compel them to sell their labour to Europeans.

Neither farming nor mining can provide a livelihood for the majority of the European population and, therefore, what is urgently required, is extensive and intensive industrial development in all spheres. The farmers must be told plainly that convict labour will not solve their problems, but only tractors, mechanisation and the application of modern science and technique. Some of the leading mining houses are already beginning to realise that free village labour must replace the abominable system of compound labour on the mines, but the real and only hope for the growing European and non-European population is industrial development, which is impossible without granting to the mass of non-Europeans the greatest measure of democracy, education, vocational training, the right to organise and sell their labour freely and the right of collective bargaining. The mass of non-European workers must be afforded opportunities to become skilled and efficient and equipped to produce national wealth, which is on a very low level at present, and their standards must be raised very substantially to enable them to live a civilised life and to buy the products of the factories and thus create a local market.

An analysis of twenty-five years of industrial development proves conclusively that the European workers have nothing to fear from the advancement of the non-European workers; on the contrary, the more non-European workers enter industry, and the higher their standards are raised, the more jobs at higher rates become available for Europeans. The industrialists in their own interests can and must agree not to lower the standards of the European workers, but even improve them. On the other hand, the European workers must agree to the removal of all obstacles in the way of non-Europeans entering industry and becoming skilled workers. Such a compromise will be in the interests of both sections of the workers, the employers and the country as a whole.

Several hundred thousand European workers can be swung into action immediately on the side of democracy, if the United Party, under leadership modified by rank-and-file pressure, and the Labour Party formulate a "New Deal" for them and make them feel that they are part and parcel of the combined democratic forces which are trying to build a new South Africa. As part of such a campaign, the United Party press would have to stop its attacks on the Labour Party; the building of a strong Labour Party and the winning over of thousands of Afrikaans workers from the Nationalist Party to the Labour Party is essential if the front of reaction is to be weakened.

The reply to a *Herrenvolk* South Africa is a democratic South Africa, without any pandering to reaction and backwardness. The farmers of the Platteland will cling to *Apartheid* for many years to come, but the urban areas are decisive in elections. There are many obstacles to overcome. The chains of tradition and the poison of racial hatred weigh heavily upon the people, but all problems can be solved providing a correct and vigorous political lead is given. Racialism and bigotry can be fought successfully only by a challenging, uncompromising attitude. The insidious attempt of the Nationalist Government to intimidate and terrorise all democratic opposition cannot be combated successfully by cowardice or indifference. Fighting tyranny, even if it means sacrifices, is better than living in constant terror in a Fascist Police State.

The Nationalist Government has declared war on democracy; democratic South Africa must reply by declaring war on Fascism and Herrenvolkism. The arrogance of the Nationalist Party, its frantic appeal to the base and emotional cannot be met successfully by apologies, excuses, pandering or cowardice, but only by a clarion call to the nobler instincts of the people and a clear positive programme, based on progress.

E. S. SACHS

Outside the Door

INSIDE the bar-parlour it's warm and bright. "Last orders, please," warns the cheerful blonde; the men, relaxed and expansive, break away from the laughter and small-talk and the final game of darts for another pint of the usual and a port-and-lemon for the missus. It's Saturday night at the "local," and inside everybody's happy. Outside it's dark now, and rather chilly. The light shines through the frosted glass in the pub door on to the faces of the little group on the other side of it—the small, tired faces of the children who must wait in the street while their parents are inside. Two little girls of six or seven are playing a desultory game of hopscotch marked out with chalk on the pavement under the street lamp. A small boy is crying quietly in the gutter; he found a sixpence there when it was still light, but now it has rolled away down the drain and is lost for ever. The older children pay no attention to him; they are watching with a kind of wary fascination the uncertain movements of a drunk who has just emerged from the swing-door. He lurches past, weaving a tuneless song out of a string of filthy words.

Some of the children have been here for two or three hours; others not so long. All of them should have been in bed some time ago. No, they don't have to go to school to-morrow. But Saturday night is not the only night when bedtime is often not till after closing time. Children like these can be seen night after night in any city back street boasting a popular pub. The youngest fare best. They fall asleep, anyhow—in prams or push-chairs if they're lucky; or just on the pub steps. The rest stop playing after a while and lean against the wall, watching the swing-door and listening for the city clocks to chime their release.

If any dare to protest against this sight they are told, in no uncertain terms, to mind their own business. Parents who stop to argue do so with righteous indignation. After all, they are the careful, the conscientious ones. Unlike some of their neighbours, they wouldn't dream of going out for the evening and leaving their children at home alone. Baby-minders? What—at so much an hour? Not likely! And you don't get many people doing something for nothing these days. In any case, they'll be responsible for their own kids, thank you, or not go out at all. Come to that, any wife who is fool enough to let her husband go down to the pub by himself all the time is simply asking for trouble. And, anyhow, hasn't *she* got a right to a bit of life, too? They certainly can't afford to take the whole family to the pictures, even if they wanted to. The "local" is just about the only entertainment they have together. And what's wrong with that? Besides, the kids don't mind. They're used to it. And there's usually a policeman about to keep an eye on them. It doesn't do them any harm.

Doesn't it? In summer, the parents say, the older children won't sleep until it's dark in any case. It might even be suggested that, on a warm night, the pub steps are better than a stuffy, overcrowded bedroom. Perhaps there isn't all that difference between the pavement outside the "local" and the street they play in at home. Perhaps. . . . But the pubs are open all the year round. How about later on? What about those damp, foggy evenings when it's already dark by opening time? Ask the publican what *he* thinks.

Well, he's a family man himself. Of course he doesn't like to think of the kids hanging about outside in the cold. But what can he do? If he discouraged the men from bringing their wives along for the kids' sake he'd be likely to lose half his custom. Not that people drink a lot. They don't. Nowadays they treat the "local" as a sort of social club. There was a time when it wasn't a place where any respectable mother would expect to spend an evening out. But things are different now. The trouble is the law's still the same. The kids can't come in unless there's a separate room provided for them. A few, but only a few, of the larger pubs do have a special children's room, but most of them can't spare the space. And even if the premises could be extended, the odds are the authorities won't grant the necessary building licence. As it is, the kids have to stop outside.

What do the children think about it? Nobody knows. It is doubtful whether anybody has tried to find out. To them, perhaps, the "local" is simply one of those grown-up mysteries at which the imagination pulls up short—a limbo with a curious smell into which their parents are liable to vanish for an unspecified length of time; and they are told to stay there, and be good. Perhaps they don't connect the occasional sight of a drunk with anything beyond that swing-door any more than they are liable to connect their parents' bedroom with the new baby. Interesting, but remote. Perhaps. . . .

But if you could ask them if they mind the long wait, or the dark, or the cold, they would not know how to answer. They are, as their parents say, used to it. And if any passer-by should offer sympathy it will almost certainly be rejected. Wary, clannish, already worldly-wise, they know better than to trust a stranger. Their hostile stare silently states that this is their life and they understand no other.

NANCY SALKELD

So They Say . . .

THE opening of the football season last week can seldom have been threatened by a more fiendish conspiracy than that uncovered by the *Daily Mail* on August 16: REDS PLOTTING AGAINST BRISTOL ROVERS. The story began:

> A football sails from Southampton to Poland to-day as "a token of friendship from Britain" to the Communist Union of Polish Youth. And it is signed by 24 players and officials of the Bristol Rovers Football Club. Mr. Bert Tann, Bristol Rovers manager, said last night: "This is a most elaborate and artful hoax . . . . those messages must have been painted on [the ball] afterwards . . . ."

Next day that watchdog of the capitalist press, the *Daily Worker*, under the triumphant headline DAILY MAIL'S 'RED PLOT' DEBUNKED, claimed that the story had been "torn to pieces" by the Bristol Rovers' secretary, a Mr. Gummow. It quoted him as saying that he had known all about where the football was going when he had arranged for it to be signed, and that the *Mail* "stupidly misinterprets something that was quite innocent."

By this time, however, the story had reached the *Daily Mail's* front page: FATHER CHASES HOAXER—COME-HOME FLIGHT TO LINER. The father of Donald Beer, the 20-year-old clerk who was taking the ball, told the *Mail* that he was "thunderstruck" when he read about the "trick," and was going to intercept Donald at Copenhagen. On Saturday, finally, all papers printed the grand climax, describing how Mr. Beer, followed by nearly 100 reporters, boarded the ship and persuaded Donald to call off his trip. But the fate of the notorious "Red football" itself remained wreathed in mystery:

Daily Graphic: Mr. Beer left the ship—taking the ball with him.

News Chronicle: . . . the football remained in the ship.

Daily Mail: DONALD—AND FOOTBALL—RETURN WITH FATHER.

Daily Express: . . . . it is now on the way to Poland.

A Little Dirt

Last week it was suggested in the *N.S. & N.* that the large staff of *Daily Express* correspondents abroad, already suffering from lack of space for their more serious messages, must be still further frustrated if the *Daily Express* made full use of the *New York Times* News Service it had just acquired. The *Daily Express* retort to this surely reasonable remark was a curious exercise in the technique of the petty smear. Not for the first time it ran the old story that the Editor of the *N.S. & N.* had stood for election for a Parish Council and learned of his own unpopularity by receiving only 80 votes. It did not add that this election was on purely party lines, so that personal popularity had no more to do with it than with Lord Beaverbrook's membership of the House of Lords. Nor did it point out that the highest vote in this tiny hamlet was 150.

How's That!

Daily Herald, August 17:

GODDARD THROWS A PARTY

> After they had beaten England by an innings at the Oval . . . Goddard and his wife invited all 16 West Indian players and their guests to start the evening at a joint party before going on to their own separate dates. But the party proved so successful that few were ready to leave for other engagements . . .

Evening Standard, August 17:

"NO TIME TO PLAN A PARTY"

> There were no celebrations . . . "We didn't have time to plan a party or invite people along . . . ." explained their captain, John Goddard. Until 11 o'clock, when most of them went to bed, they sat about in the lounge of their Bloomsbury hotel . . .

AUTOLYCUS

Art Teaching

IT was Miss Richardson who brought children's painting into fashion. I know what Ruskin said; also I know that what he said on this subject had little effect on his contemporaries. It was only when Miss Richardson, helped by Roger Fry, persuaded my generation to look at pictures by children of between five and twelve that the more sensitive were bowled over by the prettiness of what they were shown. They were charming, these artefacts, and so absurdly did some of us exaggerate their significance that optimists assumed, naturally enough, that these small creatures had only to continue as they had begun, encouraged of course by sympathetic teachers, to become in due time Matisses, or Dufys at the very least. In this, however, optimists mistook. One must suppose the human child born with taste and a turn for decoration, both of which, somewhere between ten and fifteen, the adolescent loses. Of this strange fact in natural history no biologist has so far offered a satisfactory explanation; but certain it seems that not one adult in ten thousand can appreciate what he or she, as a baby, could create.

This melancholy discovery was not allowed to damp the ardour, still less to diminish the numbers, of those who, self-consecrated to the task of firing the imagination and washing the faces of potential masters, had gone into the teaching business. Only they shifted their ground, and so doing improved their position. If we cannot teach children to become artists, they argued, we can teach them, through the practice of drawing and painting of course, to appreciate art, through the appreciation of art they will come to understand life, through an understanding of life they will become good citizens. The sorites was inconclusive, but the move was profitable. Politicians who care not a rap for art are bound to pretend at any rate that they care passionately for the production of good citizens. The moment art-teaching became a branch of welfare-work it became possible to extract a penny or even a twopenny rate for the maintenance of art-classes and their teachers.

It may be true that training children to paint and draw a little is one way of stimulating appreciation. I doubt whether it is the best. What I am sure of is that by making drawing and painting-lessons part of the curriculum you will do nothing for creative art—except in so far as you are giving artists a chance of eking out a living by teaching. That, however, is not to dismay the people who are taking care of the future. Their cry is—"All for the milk-bar and never mind the cow." And perhaps they are right. For, in the coming age, a capacity for appreciation may stand a man in better stead than a gift of creation. The outlook for the creative artist is bleak.

It is bleak because a young, unorthodox, creative artist—so long as he remains unorthodox—is a beggar living on alms. "Doxies" vary like fashions. (At this present writing, a more or less abstract style is the thing and representation is not.) A fresh, creative artist is apt to reject current dogmas and to be regarded with disfavour, if regarded at all, by official taste. The young heretic is rarely popular: so he becomes a parasite on those few sensitive, unofficial but well-to-do people who are capable of appreciating his generally unacceptable productions. He must sponge on the fortunate and perceptive. Now the charity of one or two aesthetes will not keep a beggar when prices are high: what made the climate of nineteenth-century France peculiarly favourable to undisciplined genius was that wages and prices were so low that a young Impressionist with a patron might hope to live as handsomely as a cab-driver. When you remember that present tendencies are not only to raise "the standard of living"—to increase material satisfactions, that means, in return for what the community deems useful work—but also to eliminate the one class disposed to give unpopular artists any wages at all, you will probably agree that the outlook for young heretics is what I said it was.

Certainly the politicians who willingly subsidise the teachers cannot be expected to favour that intractable individualist, the independent artist. To them, to their constituents at all events, his activities, from which no demonstrable welfare accrues, will appear useless if not anti-social. What philanthropic politicians want to do is to educate the multitude so that many instead of few may have access to the intense and enduring pleasures art is said to offer. They wish "the common man," as apparently he likes to be called, to enjoy pictures; and this wish is not only praiseworthy but perhaps attainable. Some, no doubt, would be glad also to promote the creation of art; but to do that it would be necessary, amongst other things, to change the way of the world, which presumably they would not do even if they could. Luckily their main purpose may be achieved, though the second remain a pious hope. Education might provide the common man with a limited power of appreciation, enough perhaps to enjoy intermittently works of art that have been discovered by uncommon men and in due course recognised by officials. There is the art of the past: so, should creation cease entirely, which seems likely enough, there will yet be plenty in the museums and galleries for the common man to enjoy. Only, it is well to ask oneself whether in a barren society human beings will retain the power of enjoyment.

Should the creation of art, of great art at all events, cease for a while, we must hope that men and women will appreciate what they have. We must hope they will be able to find in works

ready to hand a means to happiness. The palace of pleasures exists, well stocked; a free treat awaits inside. But the door is locked. Insensibility and ignorance bar the way. How are common men and women to be supplied with a key? That, I take it, is the problem with which philanthropic politicians are willing to grapple.

By teaching children to paint and draw, say the art-masters. They may be right. Nevertheless, there is another way, which to me seems promising but to which, so far as I know, little thought has yet been given in this country. It may be that the easiest way of persuading people to look at pictures, sculpture, buildings and works of art generally is to teach them, not drawing and painting, but Art-History. It may be the Art-Historian is a better educator than the Colour-Master. At least I have observed—and I believe the experience of those best qualified to speak on the subject confirms my observation—that once people know a little art-history their interest in works of art grows surprisingly. They look at them for silly reasons; but they look. And, should they chance to be blest with a modicum of sensibility, looking for evidence they may stumble on art. No one who has enjoyed my advantages is likely to be unaware of the fact that a man may, and sometimes does, become an eminent *Kunstforscher* without once in his life experiencing an aesthetic emotion. All the same, of those who, for one reason or another, make a habit of looking at works of art, a certain number, one must suppose, will eventually derive some pleasure from art's essential significance. These, philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, will be your successes—these students who through art-history come at art. But observe that your failures, those who cannot go beyond considering the work as a document, and using it as such, will not have wasted their time. They will have had the benefit of a liberal education. The study of art-history is nothing less. Those who have not learnt to enjoy Beauty will at least have acquired Culture.

For consider: the student will have been forced to read some history and to look at the map, perhaps to read a little psychology as well; his researches may lead him to dabble in literature; pushing his studies in the hope of a scholarship he may even be tempted to acquire the rudiments of a foreign language. At worst a course of Art-History gives a tincture of civility; at best it may engender a love of art. But let no one imagine it will provoke creation.

There is a simple way of promoting these studies. As soon as Oxford and Cambridge have founded schools of Art-History, as soon as it is possible to take degrees in this subject at the great universities, the subject will become popular in the secondary schools. As soon as parents realise that, helped by bounties and prizes provided by the tax-payer, boys and girls can make of Art-History a ladder that leads to that coveted insurance-ticket "B.A. Oxon. or Cantab.," all over the country you will see boys and girls looking at works of art and taking a fairly intelligent interest in them. That, I suppose, is what philanthropic politicians desire.

CLIVE BELL

The Arts and Entertainment

COMEDY IN SHAW

COMEDY has been called the most civilised of the arts. And at least it seems to be true that it appears in its finest flower at the high points of established civilisations—or even perhaps just at the point of decline. Those who are on the up-and-up take themselves too seriously to encourage the sense of humour except about inessentials. Those who are on the down-and-down do not take themselves seriously enough to be worth serious jokes. Only the self-assured, and the civilisedly self-confident at that, can afford to laugh at themselves. So Periclean Athens had its Aristophanes; Seventeenth Century France its Molière, and Late Victorian England its Bernard Shaw.

It will be by the great comedies written between 1890 and the Great War, that Bernard Shaw will, I believe, be finally remembered. Already as a thinker *per se* he is fading. Mr. Eric Bentley, an American dramatic critic, whose sensible, sound, suggestive book has just been published over here (Bernard Shaw, *Hale*, 10*s.* 6*d.*) in sorting out Shaw's political views with a view to establishing him as a great comic writer, calls him a "Victorian Socialist," and he adds "We can go back to [this] Shaw with as much pleasure and profit as to any other Victorian. He is old fashioned but not obsolete." And recently I, too, found myself surprised to realise from his book on Shaw that Dr. Joad and his generation had been profoundly affected in their whole view of life by Shaw the thinker. Those who came to maturity, after the last war found Shaw so established in the fair ground as a national buffoon, or so widely treated as a perverse kind of weathervane, one which always pointed the opposite way to the prevailing wind, that it was difficult to think of him as providing a coherent philosophy of life.

Shaw thought as an artist not as a systematiser—that is the conclusion that Mr. Bentley comes to. And he quotes a particularly revealing passage from a letter of Shaw's to Hyndman:

> You are an economic revolutionary . . . I am a moral revolutionary interested not in the class war, but in the struggle between human vitality and the artificial system of morality.

And it is this struggle between "human vitality and the artificial system of morality" which Mr. Bentley puts as the cornerstone of Shavian Comedy. Not that Mr. Bentley desires the brilliance of Shaw as a propagandist—indeed as a pamphleteer alone he would have made a claim upon immortality—but then in the masterly Edwardian comedies the artist always wins over the thinker, and that doesn't always happen in the later plays. Shaw himself was on the side of human vitality: as a propagandist he would have weighted the scales heavily against "the artificial system" and he would have had to see to it that human vitality always won. As an artist he cannot do either of these things. There is no clear victory in the *Doctor's Dilemma* or *Pygmalion* or *Major Barbara* or even *Man and Superman*. The unresolved ending is one ingredient in the dose of "natural history" that he infused into the melodrama of his time. And incidentally Mr. Bentley has a good passage about Shaw's ridiculing of the contemporary stage conventions:

> He found that the unreality was also real; the illusions of melodrama were precisely those which men fell victim to in "real" life. Hence the inversion of melodrama—a device found in Shaw from beginning to end—was not an arbitrary trick, but an integral part of an interpretation of life.

A criticism of life, I should have emended; and of life at all times, not only at his own. But there is one aspect of this middle Shaw that does not usually receive the attention it deserves. He depicts more vividly and truthfully than any other writer in his Edwardian comedies the cast of mind of a whole epoch in its strength as well as its weakness. Think of Lady Britomart, the three doctors in *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Mrs. Higgins, the Captain in *Androcles*, Roebuck, Morel, Lady Cicely, Lord Summerhays—from these alone one can reconstruct a perfect picture of the ruling habits of mind of a whole period. If he also laughs at these characters, it is remarkably gently, and they are always given their full say. Indeed, they were really rather magnificent; in their arrogant assumptive belief in their own value, they have the brayura of paintings by Sargent. And it is Shaw the Socialist, the iconoclast, the "most advanced man then living," who in his capacity as artist brings this—their being really rather magnificent—clearly out.

To have done so is, very roughly, the crime that he committed in the eyes of Communists. Those who like to study this charge drawn in greater detail I can refer to Mr. Alick West's *A Good Man Fallen Among Fabians* (Lawrence & Wishart, 9*s.* 6*d.*). This is a work of theology, elucidating Lenin's text. On page 51 Mr. West writes of *Widower's Houses*:

> The play does not wholly fulfil the purpose of drama; for it does not make the audience feel themselves united with the creative forces in society that can change society.

This implies a definition of drama which as a mere Westerner, a bourgeois Formalist and a Cosmopolitan Hyena, I do not feel myself able to subscribe to—as yet.

T. C. WORSLEY

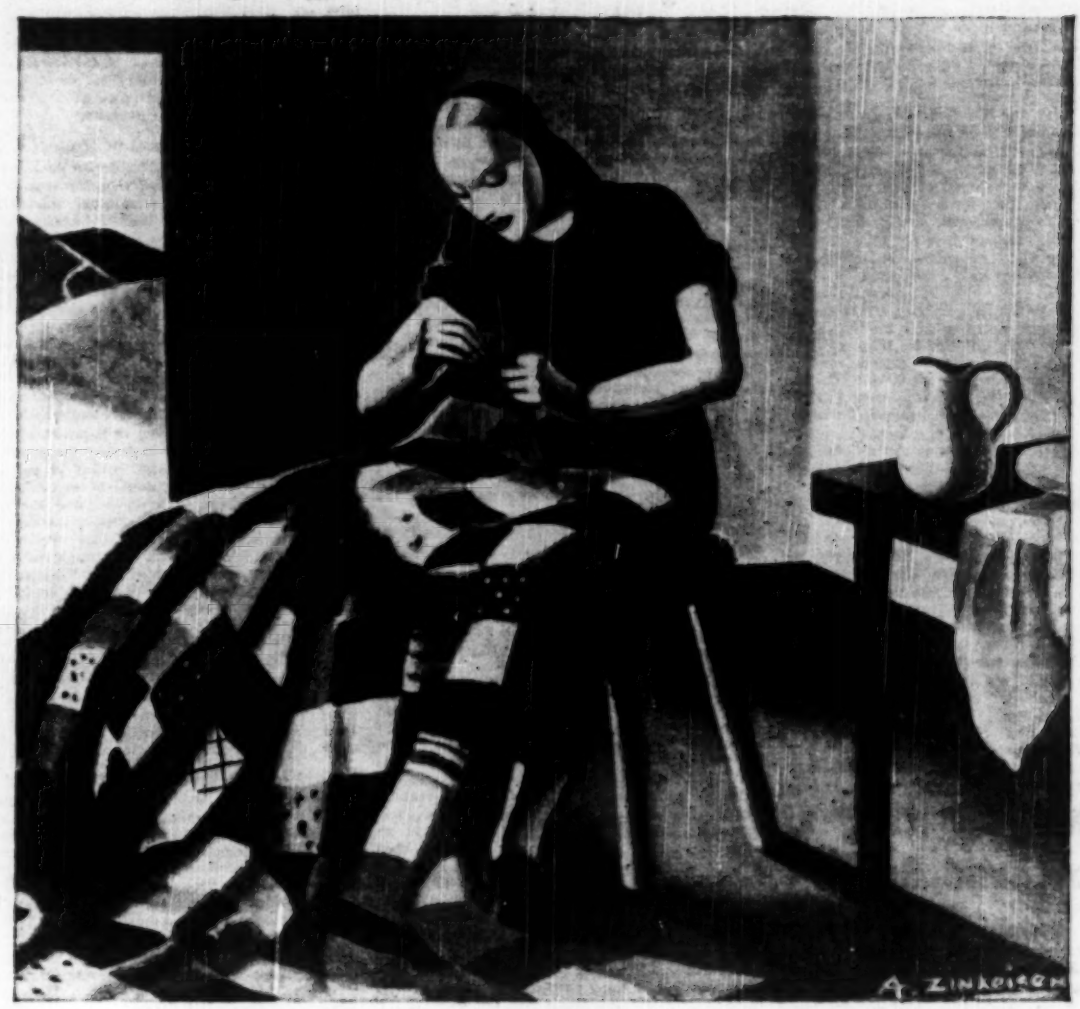
MOVIES

"Sunset Boulevard," at the Carlton

In a cynically adoring fashion Hollywood has always been fond of bringing out its dead. Thus from the mortician's parlour have stepped song-writers and singers, Broadway queens and comedians, trumpeters, baseball-players. And sometimes—with an added twist of frightfulness—Hollywood couldn't wait so long: the victim had to be disinterred living. Jolson revivified: poor singing fool! But what happens to all those others, less fortunate or unfortunate as you look at it, who survive their eclipse, the quins grown up, haggard beauties and big-bellied boxers, race-horses retired, world-famous bears, screen lovers whose kisses once measured four foot by three? If for a moment we could catch a glimpse of them, lost nebulae, what a firmament they would make!

The possibilities, here, of tragedy and satire are obvious; and in turning its arc-lights on a forgotten film-star *Sunset Boulevard* makes no very original claim. But to play the part of this once-fetching favourite a real star from the silent days has been chosen. Gloria Swanson! That name again, it has a dying fall. Not, however, in this film; for, enacting the role of such a madly grandiose relic, Miss Swanson in fact stages her own amazing come-back. Or it is staged for her: one may doubt whether, outside this performance, she would be much more than amazing and ridiculous. There can be no doubts, however, over her triumph *here*. As Norma Desmond, inhabiting a rat-ridden Hollywood palace, with her old director (Von Stroheim) for butler, a leopard-skinned sedan of the twenties, and a script of Salome ready written, she is no less than superb. Her claws fascinate, her eyes, growing even more than Miss Davis's, her voice (to which, out of silence, she has no right) harsh and histrionic in a big way. She captures a young lover, she gives him imitations of Chaplin and others, she cuts her wrists for him, she shoots him dead; and all the time we are made enormously aware of this woman of fifty, in love with her heyday, determined to revive it, and pursuing her fugue with a relentless will. Her mania is grotesque and absorbing.

Its setting—since she has created her own imperial world, like Napoleon on St. Helena—fascinates hardly less. That gilt-prowed bed, which has known three husbands! That cigarette-pinch hooked to the third finger! Those patios and staircases and the swimming pool in which rats now run over the dry cracks!



ALL THE COLOURS OF THE RAINBOW

IF you study the rainbow, you will find in it only seven colours, the colours of the spectrum—violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange and red. The British dyestuffs chemist provides an incomparably greater number. Colour, in the form of dyestuffs, enters into almost everything we wear, use or even eat in the course of our daily lives. The dyestuffs industry—purely British in origin, since it owes its birth entirely to the discoveries of W. H. Perkin and A. G. Green between 1856 and 1897—today produces an enormous range of colours. By judicious blending the modern dyer multiplies these a thousandfold. This astonishing array of colours is necessary because fashion demands an infinite variety of shades and each class of material its peculiar type of dyestuff. Offices need typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, printing inks and postage stamps. The textile trade would be helpless without dyestuffs. The list can be extended indefinitely. The British dyestuffs industry is working at full capacity and is being swiftly expanded to fill the vital need for exports — the 'sinews of Peace'. Wherever you see colour, you can trace the hand of the British dyestuffs chemist. He shows you where the rainbow ends.

ICI

And last but not least, the self-revivals after dinner on a drawing-room screen, the youthful photographs signed in response to fan letters written by the butler. The more one writes about *Sunset Boulevard*—admirable title, by the way—the better it seems.

And yet, while the film has been sensationally and subtly realised, I can't help feeling that some of the grandeur has been allowed to leak away. The hero of the piece (William Holden) is a second-rate script-writer who sponges on this woman with idiot fancies but solid investments. His second-rateness, it may be argued, gives an added twist of horror; but then the whole story is put into his mouth, including some tedious script-writing adventures, and it is the recital of a dead man. His has been the corpse floating in the swimming pool (a memorable shot indeed), and when at the end of his two hours' flashback he is hoicked out he tells us he is being hoicked. This casual ghostliness not only doesn't help but is a trick out of quite another box. The butler, who arranges fan mail and plays Bach on the drawing-room organ, is (despite Stroheim) a stock figure out of old detective fiction. And there is the equivocation of Miss Swanson herself. She gives a lavish and extraordinary display, but her *folie de grandeur*, the insane drama of a life all rehearsals, never quite towers and overbalances as it should, even at the climax. All three, then, of those personages, whose conspiracy should electrify us, has a faulty connection somewhere. The film seems and is overlong, but for much of the time it so brilliantly comes near hitting every mark that we may wonder why in our enjoyment there should be this core of dissatisfaction. But, good heavens, one's dissatisfactions with a film of this calibre are a pleasure in themselves. There is "more in" *Sunset Boulevard* than in those earlier triumphs of Billy Wilder, *Double Indemnity* and *Lost Weekend*, though I can't help feeling they were far better films.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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TELEVISION NOTES

THERE is a mongrel-element in television drama. In order to economise in scene-shifting, convenient passages of a production are sometimes filmed beforehand and subsequently worked-in to the studio-performance. Almost invariably the differences between these prefabricated sections and the main body of the play are distressingly plain to the viewer—in pace, perspective, lighting, and even in the actors' make-up. These hybrid blemishes occur partly because some of the productions selected for television are too ambitious for the limited resources and experience that Alexandra Palace so far commands, and partly because television is still too timid to liberate itself from the values and methods of the cinema and the theatre. *The History of Mr. Polly*, for example, was beyond the present means of television. The vast canvas of the story cannot be contained on the miniature screen, even with the dubious assistance of pre-shot film, and the difficulty of identifying as many as three dozen characters is a severe ordeal to most of us who sit peering in our parlours. (Producers seldom seem to visualise what will appear at our end of the scaled-down picture they are making at theirs.) The adaptation preserved much of the major incident of the book, but made nothing of the social texture, which, I should say, is its most memorable element. The close pattern of lower middle-class life in *Mr. Polly* is an elaborate verbal tapestry composed not only of the dialogue (which television can transcribe) but also of Wells's narrative and copious marginal comment. This adventurous but ill-advised endeavour to turn a picaresque novel into a visual abridgment did nothing to suggest that television is seeking a sovereignty of its own.

For the mobile cameras life has been one long field day this summer, and the close-ups they delivered from Wimbledon and Trent Bridge were, indeed, a spectacular achievement. Yet on several occasions my pleasure in watching the battle on the Centre Court was marred by the maladroit verbal accompaniment of the commentators. One habit some of them displayed was to tell us in their own words exactly what we were observing with our own eyes: "Miss Brough serves—a fast one," and so on, in a tiresome chorus of iteration. By thus spelling-out the progress of the game they marred much of the illusion we experienced as we watched it on the screen, and they often became such a nuisance that one resorted to the remedy of switching-off the sound and attending solely to the vision. The true function of the sports-commentator, surely, is to supplement the scene and not to steal the picture. There is much going on which even the nimble cameras cannot seize upon, and the commentator, alert as Argus, should identify for us, between the rallies and sets, all those invisible details which act as the mount and the frame of the event pictured on our narrow screens.

W. E. WILLIAMS

Twentieth century British Painters, at the Lefevre

In the latest of the summer shows there is an early Gilman, a picture of the Thames at Hammersmith from his Impressionist time before the primary and secondary colours conquered his palette. This is a fine example, of that luminous painting by tone values which was the heart of English impressionism, In its skill and tenderness this picture predicts the qualities which forced a way through all Gilman's influences. Another painting from the same world of feeling and technique, an experience even more profoundly realised, is a small harbour picture by Sickert (at the Mayor Gallery)—from the 1880's, I imagine. As a synthesis of light and colour it could, in its own terms, hardly be better. The Lefevre has the best Hitchens in the present shows, unusual in that the landscape is open rather than closed, the eye looking down on to a sequence of horizontal surfaces rather than through carved avenues of space. Fittingly the canvas is more compact in its dimensions and the colours play a clear and resounding tune. The Prunella Clough here is also one of the best to be seen at the moment. How rare it is to find the work of a young painter suffering from an excess of clarity—in her less successful pictures the statement is laboured to the point of being boring—or an excess of finish, so that the surface may be worked to death. B. T.

Bryanston Summer School of Music

It is most desirable that the Bryanston School of Music, now in its third year, should become a permanent feature of the musical landscape, because there is nothing at all like it in England (in America, Tanglewood offers a partial parallel). For a total outlay of nine guineas a week, the visitor not only hears, in ideal conditions, a highly attractive series of chamber concerts, recitals and lectures; he can himself take an active part, according to his skill and inclination, in all kinds of music-making. If a violinist, he may find himself coached by Georges Enesco; if a pianist, by Denis Matthews; if a singer, by Elisabeth Schumann. He may join a chamber music ensemble under Priaulx Rainier, or a choral group under Antony Hopkins. William Glock (himself a first-rate lecturer) has chosen his helpers, from at home and abroad, with wise discrimination. It is easy to imagine the stimulus—say, to a provincial teacher or performer embedded in professional routine—of the enthusiastic, informal atmosphere of Bryanston and the direct contact it offers with world-famous teachers and composers: last year, for instance, both Nadia Boulanger and Paul Hindemith took part in the School. Such contacts are all the more valuable, because our official scholastic institutions maintain, for the most part, the grimly isolationist attitude of an unenlightened trade union. This year Bryanston has welcomed, for the second time, not only M. Enesco, but the distinguished Russo-German composer, Boris Blacher (born 1903). To judge by the orchestral *Paganini Variations* (transmitted recently by the Third Programme, with some caution, on the very brink of midnight), his music has a well-founded claim on our attention. D. S.-T.

"Winkles and Champagne," at the Unity

Rightly deciding that August should be an off season for "social significance," Unity is presenting this month a strictly hilarious holiday entertainment, in which the accent is on Winkles rather than the Widow. Directed excellently by William Rowbotham, this rollicking diversion includes a soul-stirring and moral melodrama, *Speed the Plough*, spoofed by an adequately light-hearted company, and a Victorian Music Hall with a good selection of the best "your own" favourites. Unless this critic is considerably older than his passport proclaims, one or two anachronisms have crept into the bill. Both Queen Victoria and Music Hall Chairman, if memory serves, had surely departed from the scene when "Get out and get under," for instance, was first sung. No matter. Here is a couple of hours of excellent fun for an August evening which has to be spent within atom-bomb range of Charing Cross. A. V.

Lena Horne, at the Palladium

Miss Lena Horne, quite justly (for once) entitled "the fabulous," is preceded in the current Palladium programme by a particularly strong bill. Astounding feats of skill are performed by Collins, who, on a tightrope, flings knives at Elizabeth as she spins on a wheel, and by the three Carsoni Brothers who end up balanced upside down by one arm on a walking stick. Mr. Bernard Miles introduced his lewd grinning rustic to the Palladium to enormous effect, and an American comedian, Mr. Harvey Stone, works up a very funny patter to a very fast pace. Miss Lena Horne, a coloured singer, is in her own person quite fantastically and exotically beautiful; and she brings to the singing of blues and spirituals the ultimate refinement of this art. Her variety in so comparatively small a range is extraordinary. She somehow combines in her attack the highest sophistication with the wildest animality. And her taste—a quality by no means common in this form of entertainment—is impeccable. In the end one concludes it is by her exemplary control that she reaches perfection; but then she starts with the advantage of having something considerable to exercise it upon.

T. C. W.

Correspondence

DEFENCE

SIR,—The desire for peace is not weakness but strength. To seek it at any price, however, is shallowness only worthy of a nation that has lost faith in itself. It is the weakness that precedes decay.

And at a time when Socialists should be setting an example of their belief in the vitality of democracy to defend itself, it is sad to find you urging a policy which is, at its least, appeasement, and almost non-resistance to the Communists.

The Russians are gnawing at the values and civilised standards which we cherish in the West. They are weakening the foundations on which our way of life depends. And they are succeeding because they have instilled into the hearts of millions the feeling that they really believe in their ideals, while we only give the impression that we have lost faith in ourselves.

If Communism is gaining ground, we need not look far for the cause. The Americans have bolstered up Fascist and reactionary regimes in every land where the dollar has spread its tentacles. In Europe, the Socialists, who were the natural leaders of the post-war world, sold out to Big Business because they had neither the strength nor the courage to stand up alone to the Communists in the fight for working class leadership. And now in Britain we find Socialists advocating a policy of "do nothing to offend the Bear."

There was much wisdom in your article "Mr. Churchill's Army," but when you suggest that Western rearmament must not be provocative you show how deeply the Russian hypnosis has spread into some Socialist souls. As Professor Carr has pointed out, in another but similar context, toleration by a democracy of any movement for its overthrow can justly be regarded as implying a disbelief in democracy rather than any exceptionally fervent faith in it.

Of course it would be both stupid and dangerous to rearm Germany. It would, as you say, deny us "any moral title to be regarded as the defenders of democracy." But if we hate Stalinist Communism and believe that it must be halted, we shall only succeed if we have the moral *and* the armed strength to hit back hard if ever we, or our friends, are attacked.

That is the kind of "healthy realistic respect for strength" which Russia understands. Your policy of "non-provocation" would only be interpreted in the Kremlin as yet another sign of degeneracy in the West.

Some kind of rearmament is unfortunately necessary to-day, and it must be on a sufficient scale to ensure that we can attack as well as defend. To talk of fighter strength alone being sufficient for our needs is to have misread the lessons of the last war. The Battle of Britain was not won in the skies above London, Coventry, Merseyside and Hull alone. Bombs on the Ruhr played their part—a big part—too.

We can be sure Socialist Britain will never attack Russia or anyone else. But if we are attacked, we must have at our disposal the maximum concentration of armed strength that our economic circumstances will allow.

When Stalin knows that we have the power to hit back and hurt, he will be far more likely to keep talking than if he believes we have lost the will to offer more than the token resistance you have suggested. Attack is still the best means of defence once a conflict has broken out. MOSS MURRAY

11 Vernon Court, Hendon Way,
N.W.2.

KOREA

SIR,—We are amazed and disturbed by the terrible unreality of current discussion, in the press and in Parliament, on the questions of peace and war, rearmament and atomic weapons.

If Communism is a threat to Western civilisation, what can be said of atomic warfare? Is it not a threat to the existence of civilisation in Europe or anywhere else?

It may be necessary (though it should not be) to state that we are not Communists, and that we do not desire to see a Communist government in this country. Nevertheless, as graduates of this University and ex-Servicemen, we maintain quite unequivocally that the continued existence of this nation, even under such a government, would be infinitely preferable to the devastation or radio-active contamination of a great part of its land and people. Moreover, we would not, in any circumstances, support the use of atomic weapons anywhere against any human being.

We do not, however, think that these alternatives—Communism or atomic warfare—are inevitable. We believe that if our Government abandons its present suicidal policy of lining up on one of the two objectionable sides in world power-politics; if it henceforth switches all its diplomatic resources in Uno and elsewhere to the literally vital task of establishing a modus vivendi between Soviet Communism and American capitalism; then the world may yet be saved from the final wreck to which it is at present moving with stupifying rapidity.

The real alternatives are clear: we devise a way of living together, or we die together. All other approaches to the problem are unreal to the point of insanity.

G. C. BRITTON F. J. REGAN
J. J. EGAN D. R. WILLIAMS

The University,
Birmingham, 3.

ASSUMPTA EST MARIA

SIR,—Why should there be all this ecclesiastical hubbub over the doctrine of the Assumption? The Roman Catholics have surely the right to formulate their own set of religious beliefs, more especially when, as in this case, they are merely making explicit what they have for a long time implicitly believed. In *The Catholic Catechism*, drawn up by the late Cardinal Gasparri, "in consultation with many other Cardinals and Professors of Theology in the Catholic Universities and Roman schools and revised by the Consultors of the Congregation of the Council," the catechumen is taught that "the Church holds that the body of the Blessed Virgin Mary was indeed separated from her soul; but that her soul was reunited to her incorrupt body, and that she was by the ministry of Angels taken up into heaven, where she is enthroned above all the choirs of Angels."

This ancient and beautiful apotheosis is as well attested as the Ascension which is part of the Christian creed. The modern "crisis-theologians" (all of them Protestants) have taught us to dispense with historical evidence; and the coarse-handed *Quellenforscher*, with his insistence on hard facts, is beginning to look painfully like Mr. Gradgrind. Faith has an ampler vision. Cardinal Newman was indignant when someone ventured to doubt whether St. Winifred could carry her head after decapitation: "As if evidence were the test of truth."

21 East Avenue, Bournemouth. HAROLD BINNS

SOCIALIST DOCTORS

SIR,—In May of this year the differences between the Socialist and the Communist members of the Merseyside Branch of the Socialist Medical Association became so acute that separation was inevitable.

Because it was felt that Communist Party members were using the Socialist Medical Association as a means of furthering their Party's political aims, and as a platform for propagating their foreign policy and their hatred of the Labour Government, some members attempted to make membership of the Socialist Medical Association and Communist Party mutually exclusive; failing to achieve this object they forthwith resigned from the Socialist Medical Association and formed the Socialist Health Organisation.

Recent happenings in the international field have, we believe, confirmed our opinion that it is time recognition was given to the fundamental difference in the approach of Socialists and Communists to problems affecting the Health Service as in other matters.

It is our desire to build up an active body of Socialist doctors, dentists, nurses, and other health workers and students, who are anxious to improve and extend the Health Service, and whose criticism—where necessary—will be given in a constructive and loyal manner; we therefore appeal to all Labour Party members in every constituent branch of the Socialist Medical Association to join with us in the formation of an effective Socialist Health Organisation, free from Communist influence and domination.

Will all interested please write to the Secretary at this address so that immediate steps can be taken to form such an organisation with branches in all Regions.

7 Prospect Road, I. WARRIS, *Chairman.*
Prenton, DAVID O'HUGHES, *Secretary.*
Birkenhead.

MODERN CAPITALISM AND ECONOMIC PROGRESS

SIR,—An author who writes to an editor about a review may well be regarded as fussy and self-important. I am, however, obliged to take this unusual course by the unusual claim in Mr. Peter Sovren's review of my *Modern Capitalism and Economic Progress*. For Mr. Sovren assures your readers that: "This is a true rendering of Mr. Wilson's views, compressed but not traduced." This remark, however sincere, is over-confident, and if I allow it to pass it may be assumed that I endorse it.

Mr. Sovren has jumbled remarks taken out of context while neglecting other passages altogether. Certainly I believe that the book's criticisms apply to a substantial number of people on the Left. For example, the point about religion, which is very familiar, is surely sound. As for the reference to "commissars on the make," it occurs in the following sentence, for which I do not apologise: "... in order to understand the behaviour of, say, the French Communists, it must be recognised that many of them are would-be commissars on the make who are as free from Utopian neurosis as anyone can be." (p. 250).

It is also true that I show little respect for the judgment of those who demand the abolition of private enterprise and the adoption of elaborate physical planning. But what has that got to do with the vast majority of the twelve million voters who are supposed to fall into my "ferocious Socialist cate-

EARTH — LE MILLION — INTOLERANCE

OCTOBER—ENTR'ACTE—THE IDLE CLASS—THE LODGER—SIEGFRIED

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LES NOUVEAUX MESSIEURS—MOTHER

gories"? Very little! As I say in the book, "there was no evidence to suggest that the Labour Party won the election as the result of any general enthusiasm for nationalisation . . ." (p. 257).

As for the politically active members of the Party, I have pointed out again and again—even in the Preface—that they disagree among themselves. With the more liberal wing I have little quarrel—apart from the fact that I dislike the company they keep. I have also said repeatedly that I am using the term "Socialism" to mean public ownership and physical planning.

My real offence, of course, is my breach with the usual convention which allows one to attribute all kinds of sinister motives to businessmen and Conservatives, but requires one to assume that everyone on the Left is concerned exclusively with the public interest.

Every reviewer must compress, but he should try to indicate fairly the scope of a book. Yet Mr. Sovren does not even mention the fact that most of the book is concerned with such topics as progress under capitalism, the operation of a price mechanism, the techniques of physical planning, inflation, unemployment, monopoly, nationalisation, the dollar scarcity. The main purpose of the book is to examine critically the arguments in favour of physical planning and public ownership and to indicate, where appropriate, the nature of the alternatives. The references to party politics are secondary, and as I say in the Preface, great care must be exercised in working out the political implications. When I myself take this further step, I give an unhesitating verdict in favour of the Conservatives. The verdict is based on *all* the evidence, good and bad, which I have tried to examine and discuss, and a reference has been made to defence—"which may be so important as to settle the issue." Mr. Sovren fails completely to make this clear. He refers to my remarks about a tax on capital—incidentally, without mentioning my qualifying observations. He then says that: "Mr. Wilson goes on to suggest that the Conservative party may turn out to be the chosen vessel for carrying out his Radical policy." It is true that Conservative policy is in my view much more radical than Socialists are wont to admit; and it is true that I sought to remind Tories of some of the possible implications of "a property-owning democracy." But to ignore all the other reasons advanced in favour of the Conservatives is to traduce my views and to try to make the book look rather silly.

In view of your own uncompromising articles, addressed to "gentle docile English readers," am I right, Mr. Editor, in assuming that you are a fellow-countryman? If so, we stand condemned together. But, for my part, I shall try to escape part of the punishment by assuring Mr. Sovren that, if he reads my chapter again, he will find that I am now slightly anglicised—indeed to the extent of being a little magisterial! I even say that: "agreement on fundamentals may not be so far beyond our reach as the pessimists suggest. It is undoubtedly apparent over a large part of the country, and it can be discerned as between the more responsible wings of the two major parties, although each is handicapped by its own extremists." (pp. 265-6).

25 Lismoyne Park, Belfast. T. WILSON

BISMARCK

SIR,—I thank you for the comprehensive review of my book *Bismarck and the German Empire* and should be grateful if you would allow me space for a few remarks. I do not wish to discuss in this letter the wide divergence in the interpretation of Bismarck and German history which separates me from Mr. Taylor. He has not convinced me, and I shall not delude myself that there is any chance of convincing Mr. Taylor. But I wish to state one or two points in which I feel he has misrepresented me.

I relate in my book how Bismarck in 1879 suddenly broke off his negotiations with Lord Beaconsfield, although the British Prime Minister had expressed his readiness to enter into an Alliance with Germany and Austria. I regret this decision and say: "It is at least possible that a Germany-Austria-Hungary-Great Britain combination would have been a permanent one, and probable that such a combination would have *preserved the peace of Europe*." (Italics now added, p. 269.) Mr. Taylor may treat that as an illusion, but nothing entitles him to describe me as "not far removed from the conviction" that "a war is not wicked . . . when it is against Russia." That is exactly the contrary of what I have written.

Mr. Taylor is shocked by a sentence I wrote about the Emperor Francis Joseph banishing his German subjects to the wilderness. But in quoting this sentence he omits my words "for having opposed the occupation of Bosnia" (p. 252). That is my point, as the context unmistakably shows, and not in any way the question of the conciliation of the Slav subjects of the Habsburg crown.

I should like to know when and where the Roman Catholics of Germany said—before the beginning of the Kulturkampf—"that they were loyal only to the Pope," as Mr. Taylor asserts. I have quoted the words of their leader and spokesman Windthorst (p. 207): "I remember the words of the Bible: obey them that have rule over you and submit yourselves, and I have done my duty as a subject to the best of my conscience." The first speech made by a deputy of the Centre Party in the Reichstag concluded with these words: "May God uphold the Empire, may God protect and bless our Emperor." (30 March 1871.)

I cannot close this letter without protesting against the characterisation of Goethe which Mr. Taylor thinks fit to give in twenty words. But that is another story.

12 Lindfield Gardens, London, N.W.3. ERICH EYCK

PAGING MISS RAINE

SIR,—

I have searched my *New Statesman* twice in vain
To find a poem by Kathleen Raine
Which the "Contents" say, as I'm alive,
Informs the page two hundred and five.
Am I astigmatic and myopic
Or should my search be microscopic?
Either I'm dense or more than blind
No poem by Kathleen can I find.
May I assume it's nothing worse
Than her recent preference for "blank verse"?

16 Harford Walk, N.2. ROBERT ARMSTRONG

YOUTH HOSTELS

SIR,—In your notice of Oliver Coburn's *Youth Hostel Story* you state that the number of youth hostels has grown, since 1931, from 80 to nearly 3,000. Actually, the present number of hostels in this country is little over 300, and in the light of a membership of over 200,000 this fact draws attention to the very great need now facing the Association.

At the charge of 1s. 6d. for an overnight stay at a youth hostel (9d. for those under 16), running costs leave no margin for expansion: indeed, it is likely that the current year's working will show a deficit. Yet since its aim is "to help all, but especially young people of limited means, to a great knowledge, love and care of the countryside," the Association is reluctant to increase its charges.

May I appeal to your readers to assist us in our work, the value of which is now widely recognised, especially by placing at our disposal farm or other buildings—or parts of them—which might be readily converted to make the simple accommodation which the Y.H.A. provides for young people of all nationalities in their travels.

Youth Hostels Association (England and Wales). P. J. CLARKE, *Chairman*

ROUGH OL' DAY

SIR,—Mr. Orton is a real person, although that is not his name. I have conveyed the information contained in Mr. F. D. Bickerton's valuable letter to Mr. Orton. The account I gave of that admirable old man was based solely upon conversation with him. Perhaps it is the case that some aged workers enjoy in law rights of which they are uninformed, or informed in terms not clear to them. There is no question of blaming officials for this: but, perhaps, from correspondence which I have seen in another and similar case, the latter are inclined to assume a standard of literacy in their correspondents higher than that which they have attained.

EDWARD HYAMS

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Books in General

LIKE *Ulysses*, that other novel to end all novels, Gide's *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, has settled peaceably into literature; it is a criticism of the novel as it was rather than an indication of what the novel might become. The generation of experiment has been followed by figures more harassed by life and less constrained by the metaphysical delicacies of literary form. Or perhaps we should say that the formal experiments of novelists like Sartre and Camus have not led to a question of how much more should be left out, but to the difficulty of getting much more in. When we look back now on Gide's notion of a novel about a novelist writing a novel, and engaged in reconnaissance along the frontiers between literature and life, appearance and reality, it recalls the delectable tourism of the untroubled decades before the wars of the Thirties. The problem for later novelists has been another, more dangerous frontier: the torn, sometimes secretive, sometimes blatant boundaries of private and public life, what could still be fermented into art and what would run out raw into journalism. When Gide was writing that man must play out his hand, it was forgivable to think that the Boulevard St. Germain would be always there to play it in; it was not imagined that the new trick might be the destruction of civilised man altogether. And so the fine experimental works, like the intrepid experimental living of that period, recede into isolation rather than show any strong influence on what has followed. Unless, in a general way, one says that the important novels of the last twenty years have been dominantly intellectual and critical in spirit, the daring defiance of the gods having been replaced by the habit of doing without either the gods or the stimulus of defying them. A dull and worthy lot has followed the brilliant rebels.

At the end of his introduction to *Oedipus* and *Theseus** Mr. John Russell catches the evasive genius of Gide for an instant in a good phrase: "it is only just to acclaim him, as he acclaimed Goethe, as 'the finest example, at once grave and smiling, of what man can wrest from himself without the help of Grace.'" That deftly crystallises a volatile yet methodical temperament. He is the good and the bad conscience of those who had thought to dispose of Grace; the most subtle and dangerous of the Calvinists who know—as his Theseus knew—that they are of the Elect. Gide has been compared to Rousseau and to Montaigne also, and his closeness to the latter is obvious, in the cast of his genius and in his historical situation: he is a Montaigne for whom a Protestant pastor replaces the melancholy of the stone and who has always placed his mind in the sun. But when we recover from the giddiness of making great comparisons, we cannot but feel we ought to be modest about our contemporaries. Like Montaigne's, Gide's work is an immense collection of scientific footnotes; but in Gide's the main text is missing. We cannot look above to the militant, passionate text of the Faith, as yet unmutilated by the natural ageing of western civilisation.

Les Faux-Monnayeurs (*The Coiners*)† is manifestly a novel of footnotes, the text of life as it has been written by the novelists is assumed to be in our hands. We no longer ask whether the book is a novel or not; it is an egoist's enquiry, and yet it has the gripping suspense of a narration. The shocking use of coincidence is brilliantly brought off, within the artifice of the book. The fatal reappearance of Boris's talisman, for example, which wrecks the security a careless psychoanalyst has given to the boy, was complained of in the past, but one might just as well complain of the story of Oedipus. In any case Edouard, the novelist, has made plain his taste for fables. The critic of Gide has the difficulty, when he makes objections, that he is dealing with one of the most clear-headed, the most alert, elusive and subtle of divided minds, who has usually guarded his main pieces. I agree with the French lecturer Hytier, who finds in the demon who clinches the fall of Vincent, and the angel with whom Bernard wrestles, the two small misty and unsatisfactory patches in the design. The devil and the angels rarely seem to be more than useful rhetorical arguments to the Protestant mind, and there is an insincere click of the lantern slide when they are mentioned. These two pieces are certainly open. Another point on which I am not sure is the character of Passavant. He is Edouard in reverse, a kind of double. What they have in common is disconcerting: amusement. Why can we be assured that Passavant's amusement is corrupting and Edouard's is not? In fact there are times when Edouard's amusement is shocking, for although we may trust him as a high-minded writer, are we sure we can trust him as a man? Perhaps we can, but as hostile critics of the novel have pointed out—those who have regarded Gide as a kind of Satan—*The Coiners* indicates what a good thing it is to steal people's suitcases, take their money and read their private papers in the certainty of finding something to one's advantage. The evil of Passavant is that he is a short-term man, buying and selling fast on the moral market; the virtue of Edouard seems to lie in little more than a longer view. He has the working security of those who can always fall back upon the moral respectability of their personal conflicts when in difficulties. But an unlucky visitor might fall clean through that wide-open mind.

The stories of all Gide's young Julian Sorels are still affecting, but they are not to be compared with the portrait of La Pérouse, where the realism Gide despises is brought to a high pitch; or with the stories of Laure and Douvier, of little Boris and the anxieties of the pastor's school. As usually happens in the novel, the characters that are not the author's desire and predeliction are the best observed: "I lean with a fearful attraction over the depths of each creature's possibilities and weep for all that lies atrophied under the heavy lid of custom and morality." The true element of surprise in this novel is Gide's discovery of these awkward characters so dramatically marking the theme of the debased spiritual coin: Armand, desiccated by a harsh clowning that he owes to his puritan upbringing; the pastor deceiving himself with his energy; Rachel, who will have sacrificed herself in vain for a family which has been inevitably ruined by its narrow religion. The novel is a triumph of the critical spirit, for one dreads the extension of these people. One does not want to know more about Douvier than the crucial fact that he will not be loved, and that, however low his wife may fall, his desire to regard her as one above himself will make him abase himself still further. Gide's diagnoses are not, however, theoretical, too avid or simply arbitrary. There is always a recognition of the surprising in human nature: it is brilliant that Douvier's theatrical determination to find out the name of his wife's seducer exhausts itself in the mere excitement of making a journey. (*Amour propre*: it is the key subject, one is inclined to say of half French literature!)

The *Oedipus* and *Theseus* (the latter written in 1944) have been put together at Gide's suggestion. They interlock and they are fables growing out of the main division in his mind. Oedipus, the enlightened, godless man, who reaches forward to all that promises extra inches to his mind, is brought down by the gross intrigue of original sin. Even so he is not destroyed and he is certainly not reconciled to official religion.

> Is that you wanted, Tiresias? In your jealousy of my light, did you seek to drag me into your darkness? I, too, gaze now upon the celestial dark. I have punished these eyes for their failure to guide me thither. No more can you overwhelm me with the superiority of the blind.

And when he is reproached for leaving Thebes to become an outcast and traveller among strangers, he replies:

> Whoever they may be, they are men. I shall be glad to bring them happiness at the price of my sufferings.

That is the Oedipus of 1930.

When he reappears in 1944 at the end of the story of Theseus his understanding of his disaster has become almost, but not quite, orthodox:

> I believe that an original stain of some sort afflicts the whole human race, in such a way that even the best bear its stripe, and are vowed to evil and perdition; from all this man can never break free without divine aid of some sort . . . perhaps I dimly foresaw the grandeur of suffering and its power to redeem; that is why the true hero is ashamed to turn away from it. I think that is the crowning proof of his greatness; and that he is never worthier than when he falls a victim; then does he exact the gratitude of heaven and disarm the vengeance of the gods.

Not quite orthodox, because Oedipus is allowed to be a spectator of himself: he has experienced, one would say, the spectator's catharsis, not the victim's ruin itself. It is the great point in Gide that that particular hard core of human pride shall never be broken. The reply to Oedipus comes frankly from

* *Oedipus* and *Theseus*. By André Gide. Translated by John Russell. *Secker & Warburg*. 7s. 6d.

† *The Coiners*. By André Gide. Translated by Dorothy Bussy. *Cassell*. 9s. 6d.

Theseus, a reply noble but worldly, not without a touch of the happily incurable cunning of the human creature :

> " Dear Oedipus," I said, when it was plain that he had finished speaking, " I can only congratulate you on the kind of superhuman wisdom which you profess. But my thoughts can never march with yours along that road. I remain a child of this world, and I believe that man, be he what he may, and with what blemishes you judge him to be stained, is in duty bound to play out his hand to the end. No doubt you have learned to make good use of your misfortunes, and through them have drawn nearer to what you call the divine world. I can well believe, too, that a sort of benediction now attaches to your person, and that it will presently be laid, as the oracles have said, upon the land in which you will take your everlasting rest."
>
> I did not add that what mattered to me was that this blessing should be laid upon Attica.

The mystic and the active man are unreconciled, but at least sit side by side united in their loneliness. The hostile moralists take the evening sun and have sacrificed to benignity some of their earlier edge. But the adventure of Theseus and the Minotaur has the clear, sensual joy, the laconic boldness, the sudden exhilarating refusals of the obvious turn of the story, or the received view of it, which Gide has always had at the height of his powers. The Minotaur is not a gross monster : the shock is that he is beautiful, drowsing, intoxicated, beguiled and witless in the delights of his labyrinth. The struggle is not against evil but against pleasure. There can be pleasure when Greece is free. The Theseus (of 1944) hesitates before he kills such a creature in such a divine place, in order to free his country. But the instinct that makes the hero choose freedom at whatever cost puts upon him the obligation to rid mankind of monsters. The application of the fable spreads like ripples from its first, obvious point.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A LOCAL FOOL

He from the furnace
plucks unscorched the radiant iron,
and with devoted hands will turn
its fury to a golden rose.

He from the common hedges takes
life's magic instruments,
the wand, the ring, the serpent,
and the seed that opens rocks.

He takes the children by the hand,
makes wind and sun taste like ice-cream.
For him kites fly, tops jump, rain passes like a dream
and spares the castle in the ruined sand.

He lifts the level lake
and rolls it like a wheel
into the empty well;
or from a needle he will take

the eye, and make it see
what other eyes are blind to.
O, anything he has a mind to
he can change—a flea

into a flake of rainbow frost,
and fuse with spring an autumn month.
He makes the open square into a labyrinth
where all but he, and innocence, are lost.

JAMES KIRKUP

FARTHING DAMAGES

Kravchenko versus Moscow. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. SIR TRAVERS HUMPHREYS. *Wingate.* 15s.

The libel action brought by Kravchenko, author of *I Chose Freedom*, against the French Communist weekly, *Les Lettres Françaises*, against its editor, Claude Morgan, and two of its contributors was not only an *événement bien parisien* of the early months of 1949, but also one of the most remarkable episodes in the Cold War. The case, which opened in Paris on January 24th, had been preceded by a tremendous publicity campaign. Kravchenko, acting as the Champion of Freedom and Democracy, was built up for weeks by the world press as the St. George who was going to slay the Moscow dragon in the modest setting of the 16th *Chambre Correctionnelle*. There is no doubt that both the American authorities who supplied him with a passport bearing a fictitious name and the French Government who, contrary to the rule whereby libel actions cannot normally be reported in the press, set up a dozen press telephones outside the court room, were hoping a lot from the " chooser of freedom." Ninety per cent of the Paris press and most of the public that crowded the court-room were favourably disposed to Kravchenko from the outset ; and yet the case did not go according to plan, and in the end Kravchenko was awarded about £150 damages, instead of the £5,000 he had asked for, and, as a result of the defendants' appeal, even the £150 was later cut down to little more than the proverbial farthing damages.

The reasons why the *affaire Kravchenko* was largely a failure are not far to seek. After a week or two, even the most pro-Kravchenko Frenchmen began to screw up their faces at the mention of their hero. Why ? Well, it somehow did not smell good. The whole thing was too much like a colossal American publicity stunt. Kravchenko himself, vulgar and clownish, lacked the appearance and the personal qualities of St. George. Whether justifiably or not, he had ratted on his Government in wartime, and had made statements to the American press which were promptly taken up by Goebbels. What is more, he never ceased to announce that he had chosen Paris as his legal battlefield because he wanted to fight the French Communists. This, coming from a Soviet official who had deserted his post in Washington in 1944, looked too much like tactless interference in French home affairs. The fact that the defendants were men with a fine Resistance record did not help Kravchenko either. The French press took up the *affaire* in a big way, some papers, like the *Figaro*, publishing daily *in-extenso* reports of the proceedings, but as time went on, people were finding more and more that Kravchenko was not turning out too well. It became increasingly clear that he had written his book with a good deal of help from others, and that his account of Russian conditions was both grossly exaggerated and extremely one-sided. More important still, Paris was becoming aware that the Kravchenko " theory " that Russia was nothing but a slave camp and a colossus on feet of clay, had the most dangerous international implications. Russia, it is true, was not coming too well out of it, either. A German woman Communist, who had been dragged for years through both Nazi and Soviet camps, told a story pretty damaging to the Soviets, but some of the other pro-Kravchenko witnesses, picked out of d.p. camps, seemed rather on the phoney side. Witnesses for the defence ranged from Mr. Zilliacus and the Red Dean to a Soviet general, who walked out of the court in disgust after being called unprintable names by Kravchenko, and to Kravchenko's former Soviet wife, who drew a pretty lurid picture of his personal character. One consequence of the law-suit has been to deprive Kravchenko of his status as a serious " authority on Russia." Anti-Soviet propagandists will scarcely touch him now.

Much of the proceedings was highly chaotic, and *Kravchenko versus Moscow*, a rather brief report of the case written by an anonymous French writer, makes it sound a much tidier discussion than the French verbatim report published by *La Jeune Parque*. Also, many of the names are misspelt—often out of all recognition. Thus F. A. Voigt appears as " Frederick Wood," and Sholokhov as " Sokolov." There are also some amusing errors of translation—e.g. the *personnes impotentes* allegedly called up for service in the Red Army appear in English as " impotent men "—not a complaint about the Russians one would often hear in Germany !

In his introduction Sir Travers Humphreys—who refers to Kravchenko as " a man of somewhat unsavoury reputation "—discusses the interesting question of " relevance " as allowed in English and French court procedure respectively. He rather supports the French judge's view that " witnesses should be allowed to say everything *they* consider important." At the same time he agrees that, in its judgment, which he calls " a model of lucidity," the French Court " dealt almost exclusively with that evidence which would have been admissible in an English Court." He is more doubtful, however, about the French practice of allowing Counsel to interrupt each other and the witnesses. It is certainly true that a witness like Mr. Albert Kahn, who came specially all the way from America to testify against Kravchenko, was completely thrown off his balance by the exuberantly vicious and continuous interruptions of Maître Izard.

ALEXANDER WERTH

THREE KINDS OF LIFE

Manchester Made Them. By KATHARINE CHORLEY. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Lying Awake. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

Give Me Back My Heart. By JACK JONES. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

As we find here again, there is no routine system of approach to *le temps perdu ;* the quest implies no common accent or design. And therefore autobiography, the common title, does not say very much. Yet though indefinite, it has a constant value for expectation. Within its range, æsthetic judgment is relaxed, ideas of good and bad lose their prominence ; greatness appears unlikely, but complete boredom next to impossible. It is, in fact, the safe genre : a game for everyone, and an amusement in every case. Yet mutable, through all gradations of skill and character.

Manchester Made Them is the solid work in this trio. It would have qualified as " heavy " in the writer's girlhood (" Serious books were always ' heavy ' "), and the description, though exaggerated, would not be quite inept. At least it gives a rough idea of what not to look for : the flow of memory, or much flow of any kind. The interest seldom carries one along, still less away ; it is dependent on co-operation, and the passive reader will be to some extent left out. For Mrs. Chorley writes as a historian. She grew up in the sunset of *laissez faire*, and in the very bosom of its culture, and the details of her own past are also, and especially, a light on the social fabric. Her parents's house, and why they lived in it, and how ; their origins and kin ; their neighbours, interests and social postulates ; their moral standards and religious views—all this, and all the stuff adhering, is used as evidence towards the reconstruction of a lost world. Although the facts are personal, their value is representative ; and thus we get a certain haze and flavour of generality, veiling the direct experience. Its worst effect is on the portraits ; for to make a live character, an ounce of theatre is worth a pound of interpretation.

But there are other reasons for a want of sparkle. Mrs. Chorley has a fair mind, and an affectionate and loyal nature. In every case, her object is an all-round view, and grasp of the idea beneath. It may have been unformulated ; it may have shrunk from definition ; but yet again, it may be found to justify a great deal of tiresome practice,

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If so, she is the better pleased. Not that Edwardian Manchester is her ideal society; even as a girl she was at odds with it on some vital points. But still she knew it at the best, and feels a duty to all its excellence. Writing of people, she prefers to give away the last word—and so on, which to tell the truth is not very stimulating. A lively malice is the thing for zest. But thoroughness, a fond detachment, care for the exact truth, though less flamboyant, have a charm which only needs time to grow on one. And here, with shadow-strokes, they build up a live reality, a plausible and solid world. One must respect it—but one can't wish it back.

Lying Awake is in a different mode altogether: personal, self-conscious, and (alone of these three) deep-dyed with conscious art. But it is only half done. The plan was for a kind of shuttle between two stations, childhood and old age. First Now, the moment of awareness: then a straight run of childish memories . . . and then disintegration, bits of self-analysis, musings on this and that—a chapter built on air, a single line, a thought in embryo. And to conclude, a bunch of letters and a handful of little poems. The unfinished work has turned into a collection of remains.

And it was always likely to. Or so one feels, and that impression is confirmed by Mr. John Carswell, its editor and introducer. His mother died at sixty-seven; but

> However long she had lived, I think she would have left the book behind still incomplete. In one of the many notes . . . she says as much: '*End.* Make it abrupt; no reason why it should ever end. Not in any form though informed by a theme. Merely an attempt to give the texture.'

Which means, I think, that the design was a bad idea. These large, alluring subtleties are apt to prove bad ideas; and, fact or fiction, it is hard to beat the naive old plan: Begin at the beginning, go on till you come to the end and then stop. Even if the end is simply where you do stop.

Here the beginning—recollections of a Glasgow childhood—is very taking: fond, spirited and full of colour, and a nice pendant to Mrs. Chorley's Manchester. The same time and class, or near enough; the same religious feeling, only more of it; but what an absence of precaution! While Manchester imposed a strict taboo on "people not quite like ourselves," the Glasgow child made friends with "keelies" in the streets—and what streets! And it worked perfectly. To say it formed her might be too much; no doubt she would have been adventurous and brave in any case, but undeniably she had a fine start. And an extremely happy one as well. It is the Glasgow child, rather than the intellectual woman, one would like to know more of; and while the flow of memory is always good value, literary scrapbooks nearly always have a teasing effect. *Lying Awake* is teasing now and then, but still attractive in its own kind.

But as for *Give Me Back My Heart*—this is the thing itself. It prompts one not to criticise but cheer. When Pascal talked of the "amazed delight" with which we recognise *le style naturel*, he might have had Jack Jones in view. "We thought to see an author, and we find a man."

Of course the hallmark of the style is its "air of nothing." Jack Jones has neither diffidence nor problems, to the naked eye. In fact he seems not to know about them, but plunges back into the stream of narrative where he came out before, and just goes ahead. One might suppose that anyone could do it—but then why don't they? The ineluctable reply is: Because they can't.

And on closer scrutiny that air of nothing melts away. Even the form, it soon appears, is no casual growth, and the approach and outlook are extreme rarities. Imagine sitting down to write your home life, without disguise or art—then see how it is done here. This writer simply looks at it and tells us. He will come out with anything, not in the least from vanity or malice, but as though sincerity were child's play. He has in fact a great deal of the *enfant terrible*, clear-eyed, warm-hearted, lovable but highly dangerous, a source of alarm and glee. It beats one even to imagine some of his family confronting some of his (affectionate) remarks in this book. But no doubt they can take it, like himself. For if he fails to manage their dignity, his own is equally delivered up; he knows all about himself, and what impression he is making—say, on his little grandsons—and out it naturally comes. There is a gush of laughter all through; but there is also depth, and some dismay. For this life is real.

K. JOHN

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A Doctor Digresses. By KENNETH WALKER. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

Discursive books by eminent and cultivated Englishmen having retired, retiring, or being about to retire to the country, follow a formula. How does it go? There is the inevitable dedication to the wife "With apologies" or "Without whose assistance . . ." etc.; there is praise of the country life; sermons are found in stones or foals or cats, in this case Marmalade with his "supreme gift of living"—these give a good impression; the sage, for all his wisdom, feels humbled by the instinctive enjoyment of life displayed by the simple animal, the eminent surgeon, for all his skill, by the efficient grace of its body; there are notes on the peace of mind to be enjoyed by cultivating one's garden—Mr. Walker saws wood—recognition of the paucity of human knowledge in face of the limitless majesty and wonder of the universe—"Whenever a line of thought is pursued far enough it is found to disappear into the misty realm of metaphysics"—and so on. How familiar it all is; nor is the comment intended as a disparagement, for it is precisely such a book that most of us, when eminent, secure and retired, might have written and might yet write for ourselves.

Specialities in Mr. Walker's case are, first, the insistence on the fundamental differences between a machine and a living organism, and, within the living organism, between the mind and the body. Let the philosophers denounce Cartesian dualism as they may, the doctor has no alternative but to assume its truth—"The brain and the psyche belong to different orders of being and no bridge can be built between them." Nevertheless, they are intimately connected. To extend our knowledge of disease is to extend the scope and the number of diseases which appear to be psychological in origin. Take, for instance, the duodenal ulcer, It is caused by chronic indigestion and chronic indigestion is caused by hurry, worry and overwork.

But how does the mind affect the body? Is it by altering the condition of the blood as it circulates through the brain or is it through the operation of the central nervous system? Let us be frank about it—we don't know. Nor should the fact surprise us, for if God put body and mind together forming man, as the Book of Genesis tells us, "of the dust of the ground" and breathing "into his nostrils the breath of life," we should not expect to be able to grasp the manner of their connection. I would not have ventured to intrude so outrageously unscientific a remark were it not for Mr. Walker's constant recognition of the underlying pervasiveness of spirit and the validity of spiritual modes of interpretation, a recognition which is based upon his well-known addiction to the works of Ouspensky and Gurdjieff, to whom "I owe everything."

(Mr. Walker, who answers his patient's query as to the cause of his disease by telling him that "It is the will of God" is, I should imagine, almost alone amongst contemporary doctors in having the hardihood to commit himself to so disgraceful an avowal.)

Another concept that dominates his thought is that of "wholeness." A man is a whole, he is more than the sum of his parts. Therefore, the method of physical science which takes wholes to bits and then considers the bits separately is never adequate to the treatment of man. Take a number of separate accounts of what a man is, the physicist's, the chemist's, the biologist's, the physiologist's, the anatomist's, the psychologist's and the economist's, assume them to be complete and collate them. You would still not have the whole truth about a man, if only because as a personality he transcends all the specialist aspects which he presents to the scientists. This concept is extended by Mr. Walker to embrace not only man as a whole but each organ of the man and each of the cells of which the organ is composed. For Mr. Walker has learned from Ouspensky that "each part of the body which has a definite function, each organ and tissue, each cell has its separate life and consciousness." The application of this concept to medicine demands that the physician "should treat not merely symptoms and diseased structures but the whole man."

Another concept is that of rest—obvious enough, one would have thought, were it not for the fact that all medical treatment up to the end of the eighteenth century ignored it. Mr. Walker illustrates by some terrifying examples from mediæval and seventeenth century treatments, notably those of the dying Charles II and of Dr. North, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. There may be two opinions about whether the twentieth century is a good age to be well in; there can only be one as to its superiority over all others as an age to be ill in.

I have dwelt on the medical rather than the philosophical aspects of this book since, while Mr. Walker's philosophy is in no sense outstanding, he writes on medical matters with an ease and charm all too often absent from the writings of scientists. The trouble with doctors is that as they are continually dealing with people below par, they tend to elevate themselves above it. Mr. Walker's outstanding superiority to most of his colleagues is on the score of humility. Only a very eminent member of his profession can permit himself to say "I don't know." Mr. Walker sometimes gives the impression that he ought really to say nothing else.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE ANTARCTIC

That Frozen Land. By DAVID JAMES. *Falcon Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Desolate Antarctic. By ADMIRAL LORD MOUNTEVANS. *Lutterworth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Camera in Antarctica. By A. SAUNDERS. *Winchester Publications.* 21*s.*

A hundred and thirty years ago a young British naval lieutenant, Edward Bransfield, and his crew on the brig *Williams* were the first to set eyes on the Antarctic peninsula now called Graham Land, which juts out towards South America. On that day, 30 January 1820, Bransfield became the discoverer of the long sought Antarctic Continent, in area almost equal to Europe and the United States combined. Since then, British expeditions have always been in the forefront of Antarctic exploration. The latest and largest is the Falklands Islands Dependencies Survey which has been working in and around Graham Land since 1943; first under the Admiralty as "Operation Tabarin" and since 1945, when Mr. James joined it, under the government of the Falklands Islands which lie nearly a thousand miles away. The author, a lieutenant in the R.N.V.R. and still in his early twenties, had brought off a remarkable escape from a prisoner-of-war camp, excitingly described in another book. After this, shore life in England despite the mixed attractions of the ballet and Boodles Club, soon began to pall. An escape to the Polar regions was his answer.

This is not one of the heroic books on Antarctic exploration. Perhaps, as the author says, with the vast improvement in the technique of polar exploration, the heroic age is over. But it is an interesting and even exciting account of a newcomer's reactions to Antarctic life, and readable despite the constant interruption of diary headings. Mr. James does more than describe what can now be called the routine of Antarctic exploration; the imprisonment in a wind-battered hut through the dark days of winter; the incredible relief of spring; the long and often dangerous summer sledging journeys across the ice-cap.

He is a sensitive observer with the knack of depicting in a youthful, care-free fashion, the reactions of a motley group of men, isolated on a vast ice-clad continent, battling against the whims of a ferocious nature. He is sensitive, too, to the cold beauty of this dead world even to the point of obtaining a certain ascetic satisfaction from its very austerity.

Polar explorers, according to the author, may be divided into those who go south for the love of science and are prepared to put up with Antarctic life for the sake of their jobs; and those who go for the love of the life and accept science as a necessary penalty. He himself falls into the second rather than the first category. But the book touches more than once, and sympathetically, on the work of the scientists, and there are a number of vague references to the scientific objects of the expedition. Exactly what these objects are, what has been the underlying purpose of this, so far the most important British polar expedition, over the last seven years, is left obscure. Mr. James has written one of the better accounts of Antarctic exploration. With a little more trouble, and a little more maturity, he could write an even better one. Perhaps, under official auspices if necessary, he could be persuaded to write a general account of the work of the Survey, of its purposes and achievements as well as its adventures. It would tell the general public something about an important, and costly, enterprise officially sponsored by this country. And in underlining its purpose and scientific achievement, it would enhance our prestige as the administering power whose claim to the Dependencies is at present hotly disputed by both Argentina and Chile, though on quite inadequate grounds.

Admiral Lord Mountevans, by contrast, in a somewhat bewildering survey of Antarctic exploration, makes no mention of the Dependencies Survey at all. And skipping blithely from Cook to Bellingshausen, he ignores completely the discovery of the Antarctic Continent by young Lieutenant Bransfield, R.N. As to the great Russian explorer Bellingshausen, whatever else he did—in fact or in the recent spate of Russian propaganda about him—he certainly did not discover the Antarctic Continent at Alexander I Land which has recently been found to be an island. But the book has good maps which is always a pleasant surprise, and good photographs, and some interesting personal reminiscenses of Amundsen and other great polar figures of pre-war years, dating from the time when the author embarked on his long and distinguished career as Lieutenant Evans, second in command of Scott's last expedition.

Mr. Saunders, who went south on the research ship *Discovery II*, completes this Antarctic trilogy, mainly with photographs: photographs of whales, of lumbering and lumbering seals and sea-elephants, above all of penguins, courting, nesting, regurgitating food down the necks of their young, and when not occupied in these agreeable ways, waddling about in pompous groups like city magnates after a good lunch. When moulting they are, as even Mr. Saunders admits, a sorry sight.

L. P. KIRWAN

NEW NOVELS

The Colonel's Children. By JULES SUPERVIELLE. *Secker & Warburg, Sidgwick & Jackson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Asphalt Jungle. By W. R. BURNETT. *Macdonald.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Quorum. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Frontier. By T. A. LUMLEY. *The Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Antoine was seven, perhaps eight. He was coming out of a big store, dressed from head to foot in new clothes, as if to face a new life. But for the moment he was still a child with his hand in his nanny's, standing on the pavement of the Boulevard Haussmann . . .

Lou Farbstein, middle-aged, but still referred to as the bright boy of the *World* (and bright boy he had actually been twenty years back), neither liked nor disliked Police Commissioner Theo. J. Hardy, the new power in the city . . .

The clock struck seven.

"We may as well begin, ladies and gentlemen," said the Chairman. "Stay a moment, though. Are we a quorum, Captain Bairstow?" . . .

The little town lay high up in the mountains and seemed to block up the bottom of the narrow valley. The stream which ran through it came down from the higher slopes in the east, lost itself among the houses, and emerged on the other side as a small river . . .

There is no mistaking which opening comes from which novel. With the first, we are in for a delicate study (fantasy?) by a French author, certainly in the French manner, with a small boy as protagonist. Another *Poil de Carotte?* Unlikely: the surroundings are too opulent. Still, you know where you are. The second needs even less probing. This is an American crime novel, realistic class, unlikely to be funny or smart, but assuredly a possible bet for the film companies. Move on, and the word "quorum" in the first three lines defines the next. Not much a writer can do after that except go round the Committee members and show where they came from and where they are going to. A comfort that they are not plunging to their doom from burning plane or disintegrating bridge. The last is a little trickier. Too nebulous to be the scene of violent passions; the mountains are suspicious. Most likely an allegory after all.

None of the books belies its introduction. And if none of them looks very exciting, there is something in that, too. *The Colonel's Children*, neatly translated by Alan Pryce-Jones, is much the most accomplished; but even here there is a lack of stature which makes the reading of it no more than a mild pleasure. In this unenchanted fantasy of a South American Colonel

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Whenever you think of writing, think of the L.S.J.

who "adopts," often without the parents' consent, children whom he considers to be unhappy or neglected, Supervielle strikes the right note wonderfully well at the beginning: Antoine's introduction to the family of "lost children" is uncanny and yet quietly natural (though to English readers there is an unhappy association between this and another story of lost children and their rescuer: almost as though Peter Pan were to have passed puberty). It is only later, when the Colonel becomes entangled with the Wendy-lady, that the authority and strangeness of the opening is dissipated into a sure but over-familiar study of jealousy and conflicting loyalties. All the same, the story has considerable charm, and the poetic fantasy, if a little uncomfortable at times, gives a genuinely original flavour.

The Asphalt Jungle has already been made into a film, which will not surprise anyone who reads it. At times the reader is practically short-circuited by the author's obvious eye on the main chance. It is the tale of a jewel robbery, planned by Doc Riemenschneider, with the active co-operation of Dix Handley, Louis Bellini, Gus Minisi and Alonzo Emmerich, "a prominent but slightly shady lawyer," as the blurb understates it. The blurb, indeed, goes to town on this book: it ends up by quoting the *Saturday Review of Literature* as saying: "There must be some reward besides death or the clink for men so daring." But the reader may rest content: there isn't.

One of the more curious aspects of *The Asphalt Jungle* is the way it is written. The style is neither good nor bad, it is simply non-existent. A similar judgment, rather modified, might be passed upon Miss Phyllis Bentley on the strength of *Quorum*. Miss Bentley simply does not bother with style. Clichés abound:

> At this moment Councillor Foster Ormerod came in, round and pouting, followed by what was presumably, judging from her fresh complexion and lustrous curls, the newly appointed delegate of the Ashworth Youth Groups. She hung back diffidently, the colour deepening in her rosy cheeks.

The characters are stock, and on the political side wildly unconvincing. The book has no real shape: it ploughs through the various life histories of the Ashford Textile Pageant Committee until they are all accounted for, and then solves their problems with a breath-taking disregard for probability or the finer artistic niceties. Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to treat *Quorum* as mere hack-work. For all her faults, Miss Bentley has the quality of a born story-teller: whatever feelings you may have about her work, you want to go on reading it. It is the equivalent of a nice evening in the theatre for provincials up for the week-end; except (and this is her trump card) that it is the Londoner who is up for the week-end. The feeling for Yorkshire, the grasp of North Country idiom and life, the sense of place which in most English novels is either non-existent or so worked in as to fall quite flat—these excuse much that is stale and feeble about this book.

Frontier begins with a young man called Anthony arriving at a mountain town (unnamed) beyond which is the frontier he has longed all his life to cross. The guards, brutal and simian, refuse him permission until he has the necessary authority. An elderly scholar and his psychic daughter come into residence at the frontier inn. An airman is wrecked just beyond it, and joins the band. Finally, Anthony gives his life to allow the airman and the daughter to escape into the country that lies beyond. It is unmistakably an allegory, and unmistakably the influence of Kafka lies heavy on it. The book is full of hints about the frontier: "If we travel by night we can go straight across . . . without knowing it," "I was trying to cross the frontier; I must have been too near the earth." Yet to the end I was not clear what it represented. And the writing, though careful, is liable to spring into purple without warning, further confusing the characters, who in any case have little individuality. On the whole, not a successful first novel. But it does stimulate one to wonder what Mr. Lumley will write next.

FRANK HAUSER

LABOUR AND THE COLONIES

Local Government and the Colonies. Edited by RITA HINDEN. *Allen & Unwin.* 16*s.*

Africa—Britain's Third Empire. By GEORGE PADMORE. *Dennis Dobson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Not the least contribution of the British Labour Government to history is to have made the notion of colonialism widely inadmissible in this country. It may be that progress towards self-government is slow, and far slower than many Africans think reasonable or necessary; the monster corporations may still suck fat dividends from the wretchedness of African labour; the police may still from time to time lose their heads and use their guns. But none among us who is worth listening to will argue any longer that the colonial condition is anything but a relic of the regrettable past. Even Conservative politicians of the solid orthodoxy of the Australian, Mr. Spender, are nowadays discovered putting forward plans for "the welfare of the backward peoples." The colonialists have lost their nerve, at least in public.

That is not to say that they have as yet lost their power. The general drive and tendency of Labour colonial policy may have gone some way towards creating a new atmosphere among the peoples concerned and among the permanent British officials. But whatever may be thought of the efficacy of the constitutions granted to West African colonies since 1945, for example, there will be wide agreement with the thought that these constitutions represent promise more than achievement. The progress towards self-government—and, to-day, this is tantamount to the maintenance of social peace and economic stability—will have to be measured less by the grant of constitutional instruments than by real changes in the social and economic structures of these territories.

The Fabian Colonial Bureau makes a distinguished contribution to an understanding of the administrative and political framework of the colonies in *Local Government and the Colonies*, a report to the Bureau under the competent editorship of Dr. Rita Hinden. This forbidding task is carried out with a care and attention to detail which is in the great tradition. In these pages one can see just how much skill, tact, perseverance, and courage will be required to lay the foundations of a democratic structure, and to build it higher where good foundations are already laid, in many of our colonies. There is a danger, one cannot help feeling, that the sheer difficulty of the task may bog it down in aimless bureaucracy. While some colonies have tackled, in an elementary sense, the problem of native administration, "it is rare, as yet, for the local authorities to be truly representative—in the Western sense." But it is not only a question, the authors find, of securing representative local authorities. "We are still grappling with the problem of what powers to devolve to them, and how to ensure that these powers are effectively exercised, through the application of central control." It is perhaps not surprising that African nationalism, faced with the extreme prudence of this advance, is often inclined to write down hesitations as dishonest temporising.

"There is no shadow of doubt," writes Mr. Padmore, whose approach is not Fabian,

> that the Labour Government have squandered the tremendous fund of goodwill and great sympathy they inherited from the Colonial peoples at the time of their magnificent victory in 1945. The mood of the Colonial people passed from disappointment to frustration, and has now turned to bitterness. Politically-minded Africans feel that they have not only been let down but actually swindled.

This, no doubt, is the extreme view. But there is plenty of evidence that it is a view which

grows and flourishes; and it is certainly far less important to apportion the blame than to find an effective answer. Africans who know enough to know that the bastions of White supremacy—that is, in the circumstances, of colonial exploitation—are still unshaken after five years of Labour's good intentions, will not always be susceptible to appeals to sanity and good sense. Mr. Padmore's book should prove a useful, if at times an irritating, spur to those who think that Labour is going fast enough in the colonies.

BASIL DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,071

Set by G. de Vavasour

M. Cocteau has recently published a day-to-day diary describing his feelings and thoughts during the making of one of his films. The usual prizes are offered for an extract (limit 200 words) from such a diary kept by one of the following: Praxiteles while designing the frieze of the Acropolis, Shakespeare while writing *Julius Caesar*, Irving while rehearsing *The Bells*, Sir John Millais while painting *Ophelia*, Wagner while composing *Götterdämmerung*, Phidias while constructing the Parthenon. Entries by September 5th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,068

Set by Richard Lister

The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines of verse from a descriptive passage of The Bank Holiday Scene, as it might have been observed by any one of the following: Milton, Pope, Crabbe, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Rupert Brooke, Eliot, Auden.

Report by Richard Lister

Early Eliot was far the most popular model, its evocations of squalor being found peculiarly appropriate, and I must commend each one of the many who attempted it. Crabbe came second, though, curiously, competitors who tried him mostly had a faulty ear. Pope and Auden were bracketed third; for the latter Christine Greenfield, a near-winner, had the excellent couplet:

> Pay up your sixpences, tuck in your knees.
> Time is being sick on the flying trapeze.

Tennyson attracted comparatively few, but E. W. Fordham has a brilliant stanza:

> This one long day, we are free, my dear
> As an eagle with his mate:
> The roundabout cries "Come here, come here,"
> While the coconuts dread their fate:
> The high swings call "We are near, we are near,"
> And the dodgem whispers "I wait."

A quotable Milton came from Immerita:

> And bearing in their hands or on their backs
> Bags, *hampers*, *cases*, sacks well named of *ruck*
> That spoil the Dorsal coat and packages—
> Their handbags or their pockets thus distent. . . .

Of the very large entry no easy winners immediately selected themselves; and the choice of the two consolations cost much heartsearching. And another judge might easily have selected differently from the entries by M. F. (Pope), Douglas Hauson (Eliot), Vanduara (Crabbe), David Simmons (Brooke), Colin Shaw (Brooke), A. J. Sutton (Tennyson), E. R. Hall (Crabbe), R. Shawcross (Brooke). 25s. to Graeme Wilson's Eliot, Leslie Johnson's Pope, Frank Dunnill's Auden and E. W. Fordham's Wordsworth. Udall's Milton and Ivor Morris's Crabbe just win the half-guinea consolation prizes in spite of obvious faults over G. H.'s Eliot and Colin Shaw's Brooke.

Under the Hampstead-happy skies,
Between a bottle and a bun,
Old Sweeney on his ownsome lies
At saltire in the sun.

While Grishkin heaves beside the lake
Her unconstricted waves of fat,
Throws hoopla-rings for old times' sake—
Eugenides was fond of that.

Omphalos. Omlette in the air,
The sun slides to the western cess.
The young have strength; let them despair.
The young are adepts of distress;
But we, we smooth our thinning hair,
Wear something looser, quarrel less.

GRAEME WILSON

With stubborn resolution to be free
The human herd runs headlong to the sea,
But vainly think to flee the daily round
Who shun each unfamiliar sight or sound.
A twelvemonth since, and it was here they came;
A twelvemonth hence their goal will be the same.
These to the beach, those to the waves repair,
A boat for restless youth, for age a chair,
While tipplers in the public bars bespeak
The selfsame ales they quaff throughout the week.
The harassed matron plies her questing brood
With doubtful counsel and more doubtful food,
Till Jupiter, impatient of the scene,
Deputes a cloud to sweep the foreshore clean.

LESLIE JOHNSON

Fleeing at daybreak from their barren suburbs,
Braving by side of road the bitter cafés,
At cross roads halted endlessly in convoys,
Among them heavos who set out on cycles,
They come at mid-day to the seething beaches,
Whose stones inflame the anguish of their bodies.

Yet cannot cure the yearning of those bodies,
That drives them yearly to the coast from suburbs;
Scenting adventure in the squalid cafés,
They sally forth in cars, descend on cycles.
The sea, like ports to mariners in convoys,
Promises laughter and petting on the beaches.

But evening finds them stealing up from beaches
Pursuing romance—on the road to suburbs . . .

FRANK DUNNILL

I walked with Lucy down the Strand;
We came to Waterloo,
And there I held my Lucy's hand
While waiting in the Queue.

The train sped on, mile after mile,
As Lucy stood by me;
"Mercy," I said, and tried to smile,
"When shall we reach the sea?"

The beach at length we found, but oh,
There in the burning sun
Two chairs we could not get, and so
We had to sit on one.

Crushed in that chair beside the sea
Alas! my Lucy ceased to be.

E. W. FORDHAM

Here, Rustick Families by the score
Amaz'd do watch the waters soar
By Ero's laughing naked side
Above the flowing Traffick's tide
Then, sham'd to give too close a stare
March steadilie to Leicester Square.
With Pitie then they gaze toward
This hapless, ravish'd, faded Sward
'Til lifting up thir start!'d eies
Where Firmament of Neon lies
With rapture wild and breathed "Ah's,"
Perceive th'encircling Kinemas.
With nod and grin and Purse pulled wide
They then seek Pleasure cram'd inside.

L. G. UDALL

Down near the Vale, above the placid pool,
Where patient urchins fish aspir'd to fool,
To-day the lucky, or unerring, aim
A china dog or coconut to claim.
Infants, while elders vie with dart or gun,
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun,
Or suck their candy, while their sires with eel
Or whelk contrive a small but tasty meal.
See, where bold spirits on the Dodg'ems ride!

Company Meeting

TELEPHONE RENTALS

THE 21ST annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals, Ltd., was held on August 21, in London, Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E., chairman and joint managing director, presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:—

Your directors are very pleased to report a successful year, which has yielded a higher profit than the one ending December 31, 1948. The profit of the group before taxation is £388,286, and after making the various appropriations, the balance of unappropriated profits carried forward applicable to the holding company's shareholders amounts to £86,454.

We propose to increase the authorised Ordinary capital by the creation of 2,000,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each. We also propose, in due course, to make a free bonus issue to shareholders of 400,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each paid up by utilising £100,000 of reserves.

During the year under review we have been successful in obtaining a high average of additional annual rents, month by month, so consolidating and improving the stability of the business to such an extent that we can look forward to further success in the future.

In order to give the best service we are decentralising our organisation in the London and Home Counties area and setting up four areas.

The report was adopted and a resolution increasing the capital of the company to £2,000,000 by the creation of 2,000,000 Ordinary shares of 5s. each was passed.

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Where *not* to dodge is right, but to collide.
Now music blares, now children bawl,
The snorting steeds now rise, now fall;
While monster voices, from a box above,
Remind the masses of Sinatra's love.

IVOR MORRIS

CHESS: Materialism in Wonderland?

No. 51

I could not help thinking of last week's frivolous little piece by Sam Lloyd (and its deliberately fantastic negation of the "realities" of Chess) when I came across a most significant article by none less than our world champion, Michael Botvinnik. He certainly takes his chess as seriously as Lysenko would take his genetics, and he launched a slashing attack against the Jury of the XVI Soviet Problem Competition for awarding the 1st prize to this study by A. Gulajev. "How did the White K get to R7?" asks Botvinnik: "obviously via B8 and Kt8, i.e., in the fanciful ways of a miracle!"

Now, it is of course a well-known fact that "unrealistic" positions have been accepted in problem literature for centuries, while the USSR tradition frowns on any composition unrelated to the practicable possibilities of the game. A most interesting argument in which I would welcome readers' opinions. In the final analysis, of course, the argument boils down to whether the materialist concept should or should not be applicable to the composition of studies and/or problems. My own opinion is that it should be applicable to studies but shouldn't be to problems which, in an almost literal meaning of the term, should be entitled to "poetic licence." Yet, since Gulajev's piece was meant to be a study, I would think that Botvinnik is right. As a matter of fact, he (and Ragosin before him) refuted the study on technical no less than on "ideological" grounds. The author claimed a win for White by (1) P-K7, R-K5. (2) R-B4, R-K3. (3) R-B5 ch, K x P. (4) R-B6, R-K4. (5) R-B4 ch, B-B5. (6) R x B ch etc.; another variation being, (1) P-K7, R-K5. (2) R-B5 ch, P-B4. (3) R x P ch, K x P. (4) R-KB5, P-K7. (5) R-B4! etc. But Ragosin found the refutation (4) . . . B-B2! to be followed by K-Kt6, if White's R takes the B. This, in fact, leads to a draw.

But this is not the only bone Botvinnik picks with that particular Jury. He also blames them for the award of the 3rd prize to Z. Brinov, the world-champion's opinion being that this particular study is a case of more or less innocent plagiarism. Botvinnik thinks that Brinov's study, in one of its ideas, is too similar to a famous study by R. Reti, and that the actual mating line of this third prize-winner is too much influenced by another well-known study, composed by G. Zachodjakin and first published in 1931.

A: Z. Brinov, 1949

B: G. Zachodjakin 1931

My own opinion is that the similarity with Reti's study is too slight to matter, but I do agree that, so far as Zachodjakin's piece is concerned—White to recover and win—the likeness is indeed remarkable. Readers can form their own opinion, since Reti's study was part of last week's competition, while the other two are offered this time. Indeed, whatever real or alleged similarity there is should be sufficiently helpful for competitors to let me rate these two a mere 5 points each. I think, the one by Brinov is rather more difficult than the earlier one. But some competitors might think otherwise.

Usual prizes. Entries by September 4.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 5

A: (1) Q-R8, Kt-K3. (2) Q-KR8ch, Kt-Kt2. (3) Q-R1, B x Kt. (4) Q-QR1 mate.

B: (1) R(7)-R5, B-K8. (2) R-KR4, B x R. (3) P-Kt4, B-Q1. (4) R-R5ch, B x R. (5) P-Kt5 mate If (1) . . . B-Kt5, (2) R-B1.

C: (1) K-Kt6, K x P. (2) K-B5ch, K-B4. (3) K-Kt4ch, K-Q5. (4) K-R5ch, Kt-B5 mate.

This, in spite of the "merry-go-round" hint, seems to have been an altogether too difficult competition. Either A or B (or both) cost many of our crack solvers a point or two. Prizes shared by Mrs. H. Birkbeck, A. I. Roycroft, T. Anderson Stewart. I am glad that one of our lady competitors has scored so particularly well-deserved a success.

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THE Civil Service Commissioners give notice of a Reconstruction Competition for permanent appointments as Cartographer in the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty. Candidates must have been born on or after August 2, 1915, and have attained the age of 21 on July 1, 1950. They must possess a good Honours Degree in either Geography, Mathematics, Physics, Engineering, Geology, or a kindred subject, or a qualification, considered by the Commissioners to be equivalent for the purpose of this competition. All candidates must have reached at least matriculation standard in mathematics. A reading knowledge of one or more foreign languages and an interest in maps and charts and surveying methods will be additional recommendations. Salary scales: Men—£330 × £25–£380; women—£330 × £20–£450 × £25–£725. Starting pay according to age subject to a maximum of £480 (men) and £430 (women). Prospects of promotion. Superannuation provision is made under the Superannuation Acts. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. 3265. Completed application forms must be returned by September 21, 1950.

HIS Majesty's Colonial Service, Sierra Leone. Woman Assistant Welfare Officer required for general welfare duties. Post is on agreement for one or two tours of service of 18 to 24 months. Basic salary for one tour £585 a year plus expatriation pay of £150 a year; for two tours, the salary scale is £570, £585, £600, and £630 per annum plus expatriation pay of £150–£200 a year. Cost of living allowance. Free passages. Outfit allowance £60. Quarters at low rental. Income tax at rates much lower than in United Kingdom. Candidates should preferably be not less than 30, hold a degree, post-graduate diploma, or certificate in Social Science, and have had experience in rural welfare work amongst women, in youth clubs, women's institutes, and community work. They must be physically capable of trekking throughout the Protectorate. Further particulars and forms of application obtainable on writing to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, quoting 27259/29. Closing date for receipt of applications September 30, 1950.

CITY of Bradford Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker for the Child Guidance Clinic. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or other approved certificate or diploma. Salary £370 per annum by annual increments of £15 to £405 per annum. The appointment will be subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and to the successful candidate passing a medical examination. Application forms, obtainable from the Director of Education (stamped, addressed envelope) should be returned to me as soon as possible. W. H. Leathem, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Bradford.

APPLICATIONS are invited from graduates, preferably in Science, Textiles or Economics, for appointments as a Lecturer on various aspects of Wool in all types of Schools, Training Colleges, Adult Clubs, and Retail Stores throughout the country. Lectures are illustrated with filmstrips and the work entails considerable mid-week travelling. Training will be given after appointment. Salary from £400 per annum with superannuation (after qualifying period), subsistence allowance and travelling expenses. Applications should be made to the Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Durland House, 18–20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

SUDAN Government. The Civil Secretary's Department requires an Assistant Archivist aged preferably between 28 and 35, for service in the Sudan. No organised Government archives exist in the Sudan. The Assistant Archivist would be required to assist the Archivist in ascertaining what quantity of archives exist and to make arrangements for their disposal. He will be expected to take over from the Archivist who is retiring in a year's time. Candidates should have experience in the work of preserving and cataloguing archives. Appointment will be either on Long Term Contract on a salary scale £E817 to £E1,150, with special post-service gratuity; or on secondment from the British Government at the same rates of pay or on Provident Fund Contract or Short Term Contract, at slightly higher rates of pay and different post-service benefits. Cost of living allowance varying between £E140 and £E352 per annum according to the number of dependents is at present payable, and, subject to certain limitations, an outfit allowance of £E60 is payable on appointment. There is at present no income tax in the Sudan. Free passage on appointment. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained on application to: Sudan Agent in London, Wellington House, Buckingham Gate, London, S.W.1. Please mark envelopes "Archivist."

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

B.B.C. invites applications for posts as Sub-Editors in News Division. Candidates should have a good education and all-round sub-editorial qualities and should be accustomed to handling tapes. A feature of the work is the necessity to compose accurately and at speed under pressure of deadlines. The work involves day and night duty shifts. Salary is on a scale rising by £40 to £890 p.a. maximum. Detailed applications to Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 7 days, marked "Sub-Editors N.Sem." For acknowledgment enclose stamped addressed envelope.

SHROPSHIRE County Library. Applications are invited from qualified or partly-qualified librarians for the following posts: (a) H.Q. Senior Assistant—Centres Distribution; (b) Travelling Librarian. Salary £390 × £15—£435. The posts are superannuable and successful candidates will be required to pass a medical examination. Further details and forms of application (which should be returned by Sat., Sept. 16) may be obtained from H. Martin Wilson, Secretary for Education, County Buildings, Shrewsbury.

QUALIFIED Assistant Occupational Therapists required at Netherne Hospital, where there is much opportunity for interesting and progressive work. Applicants should be young and should believe more in the stimulation of their patients to free expression within the occupations they provide than in conventional instruction. Salary according to the Report of the Joint Negotiating Council on applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, should be addressed to the Secretary not later than September 9, 1950.

THE Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2. Department of Psychiatry. Part-time Educational Psychologist required to work in this Department for four sessions per week, fee £3 2s. per session. Clinical training and experience essential. Ability to lecture and demonstrate desirable. Applications, giving full details of qualifications and experience, together with names of two referees, should be addressed to the Secretary not later than September 9, 1950.

KENT Education Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Organiser of further education (except Art) in the Chislehurst and Sidcup and Orpington areas. Candidates should be graduate teachers with experience in further education. Administrative ability will be an important qualification. Burnham (Technical) scale salary with additional allowance of £100 a year for special responsibility. Application forms and further particulars obtainable from the Divisional Education Officer, Sunnymead, Bromley Lane, Chislehurst, to whom they should be returned completed within 14 days of this advertisement.

ARMY Children's Schools. Secondment or appointment of Teachers to Army Children's Schools Overseas. Qualified men and women teachers are required to teach on the staffs of Army Children's Schools overseas. Vacancies which include some Headmasterships, are outside Europe, *i.e.* Far East, West Africa, Egypt (Canal Zone) and some Mediterranean Stations. Normal tour of duty will be three years, except in West Africa, where service is for two periods of 18 months. Teachers will be civilians with officer status and will receive appropriate rate of salary on the current Burnham Scale plus London allowance, outfit allowance and free passage. Married male teachers can be joined overseas by their families who travel free of charge. Details and application forms may be obtained from the Under-Secretary of State, The War Office (A.E.1), Stanmore, Middlesex.

BOURNEMOUTH Education Committee. Experienced full-time Leader required for Embassy Girls' Club (with Mixed activities). Salary in accordance with Burnham Scale for qualified Assistant Women Teachers (£270 × £12 to £444). Commencing salary will be based on qualifications and previous experience in teaching and full-time and part-time Youth Service. Further particulars and application forms obtainable from the Education Officer, Town Hall, Bournemouth.

APPLICATIONS will be considered from men between 21 and 30 to train for full-time appointments with the Y.M.C.A. First essentials: a sense of Christian vocation, good education, leadership and organising ability. Write, giving particulars of experience and qualifications, to S/18, Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.'s, 112 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1.

THE Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd. Education Committee has vacancies for qualified youth club leaders in the Brockley, Erith, Morden and Balham areas. Clubs meet on two evenings each week. Leader's fees 15s. per evening. Application forms from Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

ESSEX County Council. Married couple required, not necessarily to work together, for relief duties in a group of Children's Homes in Romford. Salaries £345 16s. and £367 18s. p.a. respectively less £59 18s. p.a. in each case for full residential emoluments. Previous experience or training in residential work with children essential. It is not possible to consider candidates wishing to have their own children with them. Apply to Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

GARDENER-Handyman and experienced Matron, pref. couple, wanted in co-ed. Boarding School, 50-60 children. Large country house in Midlands: for September. Box 8300.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—*continued*

MATHS Master wanted on September 20 for reasonably progressive co-educational school on Suffolk coast. Applicants should be under 35; have a broad outlook and cultured background. Ability to take Geography and Biology an advantage. Resident post, comf. quarters and extremely pleasant surroundings. Write with full details: Box 8321.

OLD-established firm of management consultants have vacancies for senior production engineers, with professional qualification in mechanical engineering or some near equivalent. Applicants should have had considerable executive experience and be particularly interested in problems concerning the human factor. Replies will be treated in strictest confidence and shd. be addressed to H. Whitehead & Partners Ltd., 31 Palace St., S.W.1.

LAND Settlement Association has a vacancy for a woman capable of organising youth & junior clubs in West Sussex. Further parties. & applic. form from Community Service Secretary, 43 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

PERSONAL Secretary. Principal of Wye College (University of London) urgently requires competent well-educated personal secretary (woman). Graduate preferred. Applicants should give full particulars, references and salary expected, to Principal's Secretary, Wye College, nr. Ashford, Kent.

SHORTHAND-typist-receptionist wanted seven half-days weekly to take charge of solicitors' new branch office, Market Place, N.W.11, in absence of principals. Legal (conveyancing) experience preferred. Might suit married woman. Salary £5. Write with qualifications: Box 8322.

MUSICAL Monthly requires experienced touch-typist-clerk. LAN. 0221.

YOUNG woman, ex-university, knowledge of music, sought to teach six-year-old French girl, English, general subjects, in Paris. Write with refs. to Mme. Collet, Villa La Solitaire, Meriano-Garavan, Alpes Maritimes.

LADY graduate, 25-35, London, wanted two evenings weekly, £2. Typing an advantage. State age, partics. of degree, experience. Box 8445.

RELIABLE young boy, or part-time worker, for office work and packing, with Bookseller's. Apply: 41 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man wishing to join or help form a co-operative farm, seeks further farm experience where there are others with the same idea. Box 8564.

SHORTHAND-typist, 13 years' experience, possessing no dazzling qualification other than common sense, requires part-time, preferably morning work. Please write, Mrs. S. Leigh, 30 Queen Elizabeth's Walk, N.16.

ENGLISH-speaking German lady, 37, car driver, reqs. congenial post as companion-cook-housekeeper to 1 person, South of England pref. Mrs. Kuck, Peathoe, Holyhead.

MUSIC/Legal background, 35, married, seeking admin./organiser, position pref. with established musical organisation. Lond./Provinces. Details in confidence. Box 8455.

AUTHOR completing second literary study, broadcaster and critic, Cambridge M.A. (Hons. English), six years senior English master at public school, seeks lecturing or other suitable appointment, Oct. Box 8460.

JOURNALIST, anxious return England, seeks congenial post. French, Italian, German, linguist. University graduate. Wide contacts. At present Foreign Editor Italian newspaper. Box 8486.

FORMER technical electrical adviser seeks managerial position as asst. to director or manager or sales officer or personnel manager where technical background is an advantage. Liberal education, languages, student of management subjects. Keen, versatile, 37 years of age. Box 8515.

YOUNG Barrister LL.B. (Kenya-Indian) seeks suitable position. Box 8572.

EX-Cambridge Mus.B. (27), B.A., 4 years R.A.M., good all-round musician, would welcome post, home or abroad, teaching or otherwise. Box 8650.

EDUCATED man, 37, single, travelled, seeks situation secretary companion. Willing to undertake domestic duties and cooking. Driver. Box 8455.

EDUCATED shorthand-typists and secretaries will shortly complete their training and become available for employment. Good knowledge of commercial and professional procedure, secretarial duties, etc. Salaries £5 per week upwards. Interested employers please write/phone Langham Secretarial College, 50 Fitzroy St., London, W.1. EUSton 5811.

EXAMINATIONS

THE Association of Certified and Corporate Accountants. December 1950 Examinations. The half-yearly Preliminary, Intermediate and Final Examinations for candidates will be held on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 5, 6 and 7 next, in Aberdeen, Belfast, Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cardiff, Cork, Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Hull, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Plymouth and Sheffield, and at such other Centres, if any, as circumstances may warrant. Entries must be received as soon as possible before October 1 at the offices of the Association, 22 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

STRATFORD-on-Avon 1950 Shakespeare Festival. Evgs. 7.30. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable through principal agents or Box Office, Memorial Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334). Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "The Gentle Gunman." Th. next & Evgs. 7.0. "Horse & Beauty." Members.

UNITY. "Winkles and Champagne," Victorian Music Hall and Melodrama. Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Also Mem. 2s. 6d. EUS. 5391.

PEOPLE'S Palace, Adv. 4244, Aug. 27, 7.30. "Things to Come" (A).

NEW Era Film Club. Sept. 1: Le Million (René Clair film), Defeat of the Germans at Moscow (U.S.S.R.) & others. Send s.a.e. to A. Miller, 40a Harman Hill, E.11.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 16 (Suns excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, B.B.C. Opera Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron, Stanford Robinson. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents. 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BATH Bach Festival, October 14-21. 14 Concerts. Brochure from Bach Festival Secretary, Bath (2½d. stamp).

BRITISH-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1 (Tel. LANgham 6593). A Social Evening for Members and Friends will be held at 81 Portland Place, W.1, on Friday, September 1, from 7.30-11 p.m., to celebrate the beginning of our Autumn Programme. Entrance free. Refreshments.

DANCE with the World at Youth House, 250 Camden Road, N.W.1. Saturday 26th, at 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Buffet.

EXHIBITIONS

CENTRAL Hall, Westminster, Grand Co-op. Exhibition opens this Saturday, 3 p.m. All next week 11.30-8 p.m. Working Machinery. Careers Guide. Jnr. Sports. Admission free.

ARTISTS of Fame & Promise. Part 2 of the Exhibition. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Sq., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

FOYLES Art Gallery, Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2. Chinese paintings by Chen Chun-Fu and Wu Yung-Hsiang. 9-6 dly. (inc. Sats.), until Sept 2. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Summer Exhib. English & French Paintings, Drawings & Prints. Hours 10-5. Sats. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Our Mixed Summer Exhibition of British and French Paintings.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., London, W.1. "XX-Century British Painters." Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco. 19 Cork St. W.1. "Names to Remember," Paintings by Contemporary British Artists.

A COLLECTION of 17th, 18th and 19th Century Paintings and Early English Watercolours at modest prices. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

HEAL'S Fabrics of contemporary design for curtains and upholstery. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

PHOENIX Gallery stock the best Continental prints. A catalogue will be sent on application giving details of the large range of Old Master and French Impressionist reproductions. The Gallery, where framed and unframed pictures are always on display, is open from 9.30 to 6 (excluding Saturdays). 38 William IV St., Charing Cross, W.C.2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Italian Institute (39 Belgrave Square, S.W.1; SLO. 0453). A lecture by Professor Mario Praz: "Life-enhancing Italy"; Mr. John Summerson will be in the chair. Fri., Sept. 1, 6.30 p.m. Entrance free.

CLUB 1943. Erich Kästner reads from his own works in German on Tuesday, August 29, at 7.30 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.2. Tickets at 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., from Interbook, Ltd., 6 Drapers Gardens, E.C.2. Tel.: MET. 9779; H. Preiss, Bookseller, 39 Museum St., W.C.1, or the Box Office, Conway Hall, from 7 p.m. only, on day of lecture.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, September 2 at 6 p.m. Monsieur Jan Rosol (Alliance Française): Chansons Folkloriques Françaises.

MR. G. TYRRELL will speak on "The Powers Latent in Man." Room 17, Caxton Hall, August 31, at 8 p.m. Youth Lodge, Theosophical Society.

ALL who suffered in World War II. Commemorate anniversary with great Declaration for Peace. Trafalgar Sq., Sun. Sept. 3, 3 p.m. Orgnd. by London Peace Council, 10-11 Fetter Lane, E.C.4.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

D. H. STOTT speaks on "Finding a Treatment for Juvenile Delinquency" at a week-end conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, September 16-18; Dora Russell on "New Frontiers of Feminism"; Hector Hawton on "The Future of Humanism." Inclusive charge 32s. 6d. Details from Ethical Union, 4a, Inverness Place, W.2.

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—*continued*

MACHINERY of Government. A course of twelve lectures planned to provide busy people with a basic knowledge of the British Constitution begins on September 19 next. The lectures will be given weekly on Tuesdays from 7-9 p.m. and will be delivered at the Asian Institute, 17 Irving St. Leicester Square. Fee is one guinea. To enrol, write, call or 'phone School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. Trafalgar 6415.

EGYPTIAN Education Bureau. Evening Classes in Elementary, Intermediate and Advanced Arabic will commence on Monday, October 16, 1950. For full particulars please apply Dr. A. A. Atcek, 4, Chesterfield Gardens, Curzon Street, W.1. GRO. 8886.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1. (nr. Russell Square). Three weeks' Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 4-23. Classes Monday to Friday, 6.30-8.00, for Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee £3/3/-. For particulars apply to Secretary. Tel: Holborn 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins October 2.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual cars. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd., N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

BASIC Economics. A Course of 12 lectures planned to provide busy people with a working knowledge of economics. Syllabus covers economic theories of past and present. Each weekly lecture repeated from Monday to Friday, from Sept. 18. Fee one guinea. Enrol now. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., Haymarket, S.W.1. TRAfalgar 6415.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Summer-course: Practical lessons in Correct Postures, Breathing exercises including Pranayama, and meditation of different kinds on Sept. 7, 8, and 9 (Thurs., Fri., Sat.), 7.30 p.m. at Kingsway Hall. Lectures on Bhakti Yoga on all Thurs. from Sept. 14.

HILDE Holger Studio of Modern Dance: Body Technique, Creative Dance, Dance Composition for Amateurs and Professionals. Special Classes for Children (Creative method of teaching). Studio: St. Stephen's Hall, Pond Street, nr. Belsize Park Tube Stn. Enq.: 18 Parliament Hill, Lond., N.W.3. HAM 0698.

MARIAN Naylor. Short intensive Stage Training Course. Students finishing 1950 now in Rep. and on tour. Coaching auditions, exams. Studio Cent. London. Wim. 2161.

ANGLO-French Art Centre has vacancies for full-time students and evening classes for drawing, painting and sculpture. Preparation for M. of E. exams. Apply 29 Elm Tree Rd., N.W.8. Tel. CUNningham 7854.

MEDICAL Secretaryships, Institutional Housekeepers, Dietitian-Caterers, Hotel Receptionists, Manageresses, Cert. Bk.-kprs., success. Postal courses. Brochures 3d.; Sec., Southern Training College, Brighton, 6.

TOUCH-typewriting. Learn in 12 private lessons, Chelsea. Miss Sutton: FLA. 1493.

PERSONAL

DUTCH lady, eager to improve her English with good family, offers domestic and secretarial assistance. Box 8602.

TWO "Old Vic" Artists wish to find accommodation (minimum two rooms), pref. with service, easily accessible Waterloo Road, available mid-Sept, for resting and correspondence; some meals; occasionally stay at night. Alternatively would rent small house or flat, furnished or unfurnished. Might consider purchasing small freehold property. Please write Box 8532.

GUILDFORD. Pleasant accom. wtd. by educ. yng. woman; wd. gladly at pos. inducement give services any capacity. Box 8562.

EXPERT Secretary (own typewriter) requires spare-time evening work, secretarial or otherwise. Box 8491.

LADY, sec. & executive experience, seeks post afternoons, evenings. Box 8537.

FRENCH engineer sks. accom. in/nr. London. Oct., with cultured Engl. family as paying guest. Write: Méndez, Villa Menotta, St. Jeanne-de-Maurienne, Savoie, France.

LONDON woman sks. informal chtrv./seaside accom.; help pick fruit, etc. Box 8527.

BARGAIN Caravan, Glyder type, sun trap nose, 17ft. by 7ft. Canvas awnings, solid fuel store, calor gas, all necessities, excellent condition. £130. McDonald, "Calluna," Dudsbury Rd., Ferndown, Dorset. Ferndown 689.

FREELANCE editor/writer, London, seeks commissions from publishers, educational or social organisations. Box 8538.

LESSONS in harmony, counterpoint and piano for beginners. Sheila Robertson, pupil of Nadia Boulanger, 106 Beaufort St., S.W.3. FLAxman 6310.

LAW Lect. Barrister Tutor offers priv. tuition all legal exams. Reas. Spec. revision Ext. Lond. LL.B./Bar Exams. Box 8323.

PRIVATE tuition French and English by Honours Graduate. Box 8411.

PERSONAL—*continued*

PRIMROSE Hill. Room, food, hot water, return minding coal stove, shopping, cooking main meal for single woman writer. Suit part-time worker. Primrose 7045.

PARTNER required in running small vegetarian progressive school, full to capacity with 50 boys & girls. Must be experienced schoolmaster, over 30, with university degree, preferably single (owing to limited accom.). Box 8555.

SUBSTANTIAL development area industry requires £15,000 additional capital from one or two persons who would become Directors if they are of the opinion that there is, on national grounds, an urgent mission to be undertaken in the practical pursuit of optimum labour relations. Audited accounts available. Apply Box 8570.

ILLNESS or Operation! People dread the cost. Yet they can insure against it by becoming members of this non-profit Association. Send for descriptive brochure giving details and moderate subscription rates. British United Provident Association (23/49), 61 Bartholomew Close, London, E.C.1.

FOR the tired businessman, who has no time for a holiday, a course of nerve manipulation is reinvigorating, relaxing, stimulating and invigorating. A therapy of proved value for fatigue, nervous tension, and physical debility. Mr. Stephen, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Tel. Welbeck 9600.

PAINTING can be taught. Small painting classes held in artists' West End studio; highest professional individual tuition for beginners. Reasonable terms. Box 7290.

STATISTICS, computing. By experts. Research data analysed. LANgham 1187.

ITALIAN, French tuition, conversation, Roberti. Telephone Gladstone 2692.

ACCENT and Dialect eliminated. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. ((Speech and Drama), 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 6s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

EXHIBITING Artist has vacancies few pupils. Beginners welcome. Moderate fees. Elise Miers, Maida Vale 2413.

BY the time this appears, I may be on my holiday but Finders at WEL. 6655 will take messages against my return. Anthony Panting, Photographer, 5 Paddington St., W.1.

FRENCH & German lessons with graduated teacher: conversation, corresp. easy method. Dr. S.N., 154 Westbourne Gr. W.11.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

RUSSIAN, German, French by professional teacher. Oral and post. Ness, 8 Flat, 102 Great Titchfield St., W.1.

PIANO lessons given by professor of music: moderate terms. Box 8267.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course. Regent Institute (B/191), Palace Gate, W.8.

STATISTICS—coaching by Oxford Statistician, London, evenings. Box 8454.

PARENTS wishing to secure help for children with special difficulties in reading, spelling or arithmetic, please write Box 8586.

THE House on the Hill, 5 Netherhall Gardens, Hampstead, N.W.3. Day Nursery and Kindergarten has vacancies for children up to 6 years of age in Sept. Further particulars from the Matron, Ham. 1662.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

ROME. Miss Glover has a few places available in her low cost September party. Full details from 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Tel. Tra. 2781.

HALL for hire, Leicester Sq. WHI. 3678. Assoc. meeting, socials and dances.

SUMMER house parties/week-end parties. Good company. France, Italy, Spain, etc. September party on lovely Cornish coast. Write/'phone for details: Josephine Hall, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831.

PARIS to Nice by coach—single fare £3 only. Daily service. Buy your tickets & choose your seats at Contours, Ltd., 72 Newman St., London, W.1. Tel. MUSeum 8499 & 6463.

BEAUTIFUL Corsica. Have an unforgettable fortnight under canvas in pines by the sea. Perfect climate, magnificent scenery, excellent food and service—£28 10s. inclusive from London. Club Olympique de Paris. Representatives: Pomfrey & Partners, Ltd., 22 Bury Place, London, W.C.1. HOL. 4846.

AUTUMN holiday. Store up sun for the winter! Join a small party to Vekien on the warmest Austrian lake of Carinthia (Sept. 2) or to Costa Brava, Spain (Sept. 16). Benefit by the good exchange rates. Also week-end parties, walking holiday in Skye and Channel Island holiday. Apply Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127). Bice Bellairs Ballet Week-end, Sept. 15-17. From 40s. Pottery Week-end. Sept. 22-24.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

DALEY'S Typewriting and Duplicating, 2 Gray's Inn Rd. W.C.1. Tel. HOL. 5157.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157, Abbey House Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

RELIANCE Typing and Duplicating Service, competent, quick, inexpensive. 130 Cranford St. W.1. WEL. 4796 & WOR. 7644.

MY eves./w.-ends are yours to type your work speedily and neatly. Box 8510.

MILDRED Furst Typewriting Service. Careful work by expert typists. Personal supervision. Moderate terms. Special checking service. 367 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. MAIda Vale 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day service all MSS. (4-day emergency service for urgent work). Dictating machine service. Duplicting., indexing, editing, proof reading, cataloguing, etc. Translns. (all languages). Qualified Secretaries at short notice. Secretarial Assnts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831/Pamline Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1355.

YOUR Secretarial problems solved at once by Dryden Office Service, 15 Tavistock St Strand, W.C.2. TEM. 7237. Typing, duplicating, translations, staff.

RANK Secretarial Service: MSS. accurately typed. Novels, theses 7 days. Careful checking. Dpictg. Transln. all langs. Mod. terms. 4 Queensborough Terrace, W.2. BAY. 8600.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 57 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 4014.

TRANSLATOR, expert: French (native language), German, English, both ways. Conferences, literature, business. FRE. 3909.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"TELEPATHY and Human Personality," by Dr. J. B. Rhine: "Gandhi Was a Saint," by Lin Yutang: "The Earth, Man and the Cosmos," by Sir Richard Gregory, F.R.S.; "Psychologists Face a Crisis," by Kenneth Walker, and other interesting articles appear in the Summer No. of "Rider's Review," now on sale. Editor: Philip Butler. 72 pages. 2s. 6d. quarterly from all bookstalls or 10s. 6d. a year post free from Desk 22, Rider & Co., 47 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

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